

October, 1940

The **Liguorian**



The Violent Missionary
C. D. McEnniry

•

St. Alphonsus the Historian
S. McKenna

•

On Automobiles and Their Uses
E. F. Miller

•

Dr. McGonigle's Invention
L. G. Miller

Box A, Oconomowoc, Wisconsin

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AMONGST OURSELVES

We are going to get the word around early that THE LIGUORIAN is in the field for the patronage of your Christmas shopping. The thought comes to us from the parcel of enthusiastic and encouraging letters we received last month when in a moment of discouragement we hinted that perhaps we had no service to render to those who are looking for wholesome reading matter and might better withdraw from the field. The note struck in most of the letters was that of the enjoyment and inspiration THE LIGUORIAN brought through the year. Surely you could hardly want to incorporate in a Christmas present anything better than true enjoyment and inspiration for your friends. So put a few of them down on your list for gift subscriptions to THE LIGUORIAN and we shall be happy to send them their first copy at any time you specify during the month of December, with a gift card imparting the kind wishes of the giver.

And THE LIGUORIAN Art Calendars for the year 1941 are already on hand. They are as beautiful as ever and provide the same thorough day by day information on feasts and fasts as in other years. You should have one hanging in a prominent place in the home. And even if you know all the holy days and fast days by heart, the calendar will remind you of the feast days of the saints whom you love and after whom you and the members of the family are named. Order from THE LIGUORIAN — 30 cents each — 4 for \$1.00.

The Liguorian

Editor: D. F. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

Associate Editors:

A. T. ZELLER, C.Ss.R.

R. J. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

E. F. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

Business Manager: J. BRUNNER, C.Ss.R.

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FOR A CABINET-MAKER

With wood and nails and bolts and glue,
With hammer, saw and level, you
Combine in one astounding feat
A place where use and beauty meet.

You fashion things that men must use —
And yet no chance of beauty lose:
A simple shelf is made like lace,
Your tables stand with poise and grace.

A chair is not complete if strong,
It must have rhythm, like a song,
You're not content with doors that close,
If on them naught of beauty glows.

Mayhap by him this spark was lit
Whose foster-son was infinite,
Who worked for Him whose hands had made
A world, and on it beauty laid:

That every man who works in wood,
With love for all that's fair and good,
Might God-like make things sound and true
And lend them beauty's raiment, too.

— *D. F. Miller.*

FATHER TIM CASEY

THE VIOLENT MISSIONARY

C. D. McENNERY

FATHER CASEY walked in unexpectedly on the little group in St. Mary's Club Room. "Is this a fitting time," he demanded, "to call a club meeting, right in the middle of the holy mission?"

"Nobody called *me*, Father," Richard Ranaghan assured him. "I just crawled over here to lick my sores after the lashing I got in tonight's sermon; and I found the others doing the same."

And Bernard Raab added: "This is no longer a club room, Father. It is a wailing wall—a last despairing refuge against the wrath to come."

"For the luvva Mike, Father Casey, where did you pick up that flamethrower anyway?"

"I got him from his obliging Provincial Superior who sent me exactly the man I asked for," the priest replied.

"Omigosh! Did you ask for *him*?"

"I did not know him. I asked for a live wire capable of galvanizing a parish that was smugly settling down to serve God and Mammon. I asked for a man who would make us realize, in fact and not merely in theory, that during this brief life we fix our lot for eternity."

"Well, you got," Elmer Hookway told him, "a medieval Brother Petroc who must have survived in a trance for the last six centuries."

"He sure did come out of the trance during that sermon tonight, if you ask me," said Gerald Dambach.

"And how!" Ranaghan murmured in assent.

"Listen, Dick," said the priest, "you profess to be an expert judge of oratory. While listening to him you were convinced he was a first class speaker. Now, admit it."

"While listening to him" Ranaghan declared, "I had not the slightest idea what kind of a speaker he was—I was too busy thinking about my sins."

"What do the rest of you think?"

"I think," said Delizia Hogan, "that he has the loveliest hair."

"I think," said Elmer Hookway, "that he should go home to his old monastery and stay there. We want a practical man."

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"Practical!" cried Dambach. "My yelp is that he is too doggone practical. I felt like he was reciting my private biography for the benefit of St. Mary's whole congregation. He says that will really happen at the general judgment, but he anticipated and put on the show tonight."

"You don't get me, Jerry," Hookway corrected. "He was practical enough in telling us what we do. But he was absolutely impractical in telling us what we should do or not do. It is easy for him to talk. Sitting there in his solitary cell, writing his thundering sermons, how can he possibly know what we poor devils in the world are up against?"

"**T**HAT missionary is not sitting in any solitary cell this week," Father Casey reminded him. "He is sitting long hours daily in the confessional listening to the ten thousand tricks the devil tries in order to damn immortal souls — listening to the miseries men bring down upon themselves, even in this world, by forgetting the world to come — listening to the mess they make of it when Christians try to serve God and Mammon. And what the missionary has been doing in St. Mary's this week, he has been doing in half the states of the union for a quarter of a century. If he does not know what you and the likes of you are up against, then, nobody does. He knows what you are up against as well as you do. And he knows the practical way to meet it far better than you do. In your hectic, nervous rushing through life, when do you ever take the time and quiet to think out your own problems? His solitary cell is the ideal spot for that. There, in the light of reflection and prayer, and guided by his vast experience, he sees clearly what you, in your actual circumstances, must do in order to get right and keep right with your God, your neighbor and yourself. And what he sees, he prepares to make known to you in the ringing message he has delivered every day of the mission."

"And scant comfort," returned Hookway hotly, "can anybody find in that same message. With the young people he strikes out savagely at bathing beaches and modern dances and cocktail parties and motion pictures and True Stories and petting —"

"Not a very savory list for anybody to defend. You will admit that yourself, Elmer," said the priest.

"Of course one must watch his step to keep straight, — and it is not easy," Hookway added. "But some amusement is necessary — even

you tell us that — and these are the amusements of our day and age."

"Not all the amusements of a pagan day and age can be indulged in by the children of light," said Father Casey. "Another soul-stirring missionary in another pagan day and age gave a list of the current popular amusements. The missionary was St. Paul, and the list was a rotten one. He was a practical man, if ever there was one. He did not say: 'Go ahead and amuse yourselves like your neighbors the pagans, but watch your step.' No. He said: 'Make no mistake. None of those that do such things shall possess the kingdom of God. Some of you have done these things in the past. But now you are washed, but now you are sanctified, but now you are justified in the name of Our Lord Jesus Christ and in the Spirit. For you are bought with a great price Now you are members of Christ. Glorify and bear God in your body.'"

"And even those," Hookway persisted, "who have married and settled down and are trying to live respectably by their work or their business, and who surely should receive a little encouragement, fare no better with this fire-eating missionary. With them he storms against birth prevention, education in non-Catholic schools and universities, political jobs that are not lily-white, holding shares in concerns that do not pay a just wage, taking part in unlawful strikes. . . . What I say is this: he should take into consideration our circumstances before he begins barking at us men of the world. It is a lousy world just now, I admit. But we didn't make it. And we have to live in it."

"In it, yes. But not *of* it — not if you are Christians," the priest returned.

"**B**UT, Father," Ranaghan now interposed, "if we go around like Brahmins or Mormons or something and take no part in the amusements of the world, what will people think of us?"

"If you take no part in its sinful amusements, the pagan world of today will look upon you as the pagan world of old looked upon the first Christians. It will look on you as kill-joys, and it will hate you. Christ said: If the world hate you, know ye that it hath hated Me before you. If you had been of the world, the world would love its own; but because you are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you. The servant is not greater than his master. If they have persecuted Me, they will also persecute you. They have hated both Me and my Father."

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"Thanks a million, Father Casey. We do appreciate the compliment. But you have too high an opinion of us if you think we are of the stuff that makes martyrs."

"My opinion of you is that you are weaklings, that you cannot stand so much as a pin-prick for the faith — of yourselves. But with God's all-powerful help you can do anything. And you will get that help, if only you accept it when it is offered, because Christ Himself is praying for you. His Father can refuse Him nothing. O Father, He says, I have manifested thy name to the men whom thou hast given me out of the world. They were thine, and to me thou gavest them. I pray not for the world but for them whom thou hast given me, because they are thine. I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world but that thou shouldst keep them from evil. They are not of the world, as I also am not of the world. And not for them only do I pray, but for them also who through their word (and example) shall believe in me, that they all may be one as thou, Father, in me and I in thee, that they may be one as we also are one."

"If we are to bring others to Christ by our word and example, then we do not have to be hermits after all. I have no hankering after a hermitage," said Gabriella Flanders.

"Hermits, nothing!" Father Casey exclaimed. "You would have a long way to go before you would possess the living faith by which a hermit sees that his unreserved surrender to God in solitude, prayer and penance saves more of his brethren than his preaching could ever do. You are not to be hermits, you are to be apostles — followers of Him who so loved men that He laid down His life for them."

"Where can we be apostles?"

"Everywhere. Apostles when you crawl out in the morning and hurry to St. Mary's before going to work. All that see you profit by the example you give, and all your brothers profit by the prayer you offer — Holy Mass, the universal prayer for every human being. Apostles when you join whole-heartedly in amusements that are innocent and set your face steadfastly against those that are sinful. Apostles when you root for the home team without anger or profanity. Apostles when you fast during Lent and feast with moderation during Eastertide. Apostles when you give an honest day's work for an honest day's pay or an honest day's pay for an honest day's work. Apostles above all when you pray with as much earnestness for a strayed sheep as for a lost pocketbook."

"That sounds exciting, Father. There really are compensations, even here, for giving up the world."

"The compensation," said Father Casey, "is great, without a doubt. But the 'giving up,'—what do you give up? A wreck, a corpse, a fraud. The world boasted that it could get on without God. He just let the world try it. He gave the world solid principles whereby it might wisely rule itself, and it has turned its governments into tyranny or bedlam. He gave the world resources inexhaustible, and it is on the verge of starvation. He gave the world inventive genius capable of transforming this earth into a paradise, and it uses its inventions to make it a hell. He gave the world sense enough to appreciate the blessings of peace, and it has plunged the whole human race into war —"

AT THAT one word, the glaring headlines of the daily papers flashed across Gaby's excited vision, and she was unable to contain herself.

"And — and — Father," she broke in, "He promised us peace too, didn't He?"

"Yes, peace. Not the kind of peace the world made after the last war; not the kind of peace the world will make after this war, but true peace, the peace His followers can enjoy even when they are forced into the heat of the conflict. Peace I leave you, my peace I give unto you. *Not as the world giveth* do I give unto you."

"I think we should be willing to give up anything for peace these days," insisted Gaby.

"You will have peace," the priest explained, "because you will have the Prince of Peace. You will be living members of His mystical body. He will live in you, and you will live in Him. The bond that binds you and your brethren together in the peace that surpasseth all understanding will not be the peace-bond of selfishness, of worldly interests, of fear or force. It will be that Christ-life overflowing into each one of you. All living the same life as Christ your Head, all members of His mystical body, you will experience the fulfilment of the first wish He expressed after His resurrection; Peace be with you — *pax tecum*."

"So you see, folks, I was right after all," said Gaby triumphantly, "You all fell on me when I said our missionary was fine. He is bringing us peace, — even if he does tell us to give up the world."

"He is preaching Christ Crucified, and Christ is peace — and love.

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'Just Father,' He said, 'the world hath not known thee, but I have known thee, and these have known that thou hast sent me. And I have made known thy name to them, and will make it known, that the love wherewith thou hast loved me may be in them and I in them'. Don't talk as though you were making a sacrifice when you turn away from the husks of swine to take refuge in the bosom of the eternal Father — to be loved by Him with the same love wherewith He loves His Only-Begotten Divine Son," said Father Casey.

Non-Eugenic Children

The following list is one kind of answer to those who base their arguments for birth-prevention on the theory that "fewer children mean choicer children." The first figure after these famous names represents the number of children in the family; the second figure the numerical location of the one named:

St. Aloysius 8-1	St. Stanislaus Kostka 7-2
Beethoven 12-2	Longfellow 8-2
Msgr. Benson 6v-6	Ignatius Loyola 13-13
Daniel Boone 9-6	James Madison 12-1
Francis Borgia 7-1	Father Marquette 6-6
Carlyle 9-1	John Marshall 15-1
Archbishop Carroll 7-4	Father Matthew 12-6
Catherine of Siena 25-25	Cardinal Mercier 7-5
S. T. Coleridge 10-10	William Morris 9-3
Curé of Ars 6-2	Napoleon 10-4
Jefferson Davis 10-10	Lord Nelson 11-6
Dickens 8-2	Cardinal Newman 6-1
St. Vincent Ferrer 8-4	Frederick Ozanam 14-4
Little Flower 9-9.	Gen. Pershing 11-1
Franklin 10-8	Cardinal Pole 6-3
Cardinal Gibbons 6-4	Sir Joshua Reynolds 11-7
Gladstone 6-1	St. Francis de Sales 13-1
Nathan Hale 12-6	Scott 12-4
Haydn 12-2	Shakespeare 8-3
Washington Irving 11-11	Tennyson 12-4
Thos. Jefferson 10-3	Teresa of Avila 7-1
John Paul Jones 7-5	Washington 6-1
Immanuel Kant 9-4	Xavier 6-6

CONVERSATION WITH COLUMNIST

The following is a mythical conversation held with Mr. Westbrook Pegler on the subject of a certain column he wrote for the newspapers during the month of September.

F. A. RYAN

I SEE by the papers, Mr. Pegler, that you have joined the ranks of those who are out to reform and remake the institution of marriage.

Yes. I feel that to be my duty. If you read my column on the subject, you will recall that I came out boldly and vigorously for the destruction of all barriers to divorce.

I must say you came out vigorously all right. But I couldn't quite follow your argument. In fact, you contradicted yourself three or four times.

There you go, dragging in logic. The trouble with some of you people is that you worship the outworn methods of thought of an age that is gone. Why let a little thing like a contradiction stand in the way of social progress?

I'm only trying to make sense out of what you said. After all, if it doesn't make sense you ought to shut your mouth once and for all and resign yourself to a place among the illiterate, if not the subnormal. You see, I can talk vigorously too.

Ha, ha! That's very good. I'll have to use that myself in a column some day. But just where do you think I contradicted myself?

Well, you start out by saying that the archaic superstition that marriage is a sacred contract should be dispelled.

Yes. So I believe.

I gathered that much. But you had not the slightest idea that in so speaking you were entering a field of thought in which you are notoriously ill-equipped to speak — namely religion.

Wait a minute — wait a minute —

I won't wait. Whether marriage is sacred or not is a matter of purely religious considerations. You try to get out of that by saying that you are talking only about what some people think about marriage. But a child could tell you, my dear Westbrook, and also many so called illiterate persons, that what people think about things does not change their nature.

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I did not mean —

Yes, I know. You did not think. And continuing to write without thinking, you said that because some people, yourself among them, do not think that marriage is sacred, a law should be passed by congress prohibiting other people from thinking or acting as if marriage was sacred. That's what you meant when you said that the law should not tolerate the infliction of embarrassment or loss or reputation on those who want a divorce.

I still stick to it.

Yes, like every ignoramus who gets a crazy idea. But be quiet, like a good child, and I'll teach you something you don't know. Congress can pass all the laws it wants to, permitting divorce. It can follow these up with a brand new set of laws prohibiting people from looking down on divorced persons. But as long as one person remains in the country who thinks straight enough to know that marriage is a sacred institution, binding husband and wife until death, Congress cannot force such a person to think highly of divorcees. And there is not only one, but there are millions of both Catholics and non-Catholics who recognize that marriage is sacred in that way.

I'd make them give up their superstitions.

Yes, and thus you would out-Hitler Hitler. You would put an end to democracy once and for all, to say nothing of wiping out the foundations on which democracy is built.

Oh, piffle.

And another thing, Westbrook. After settling this religious issue in your grandiose but ignorant way, you say: "As to the religious complication, I am too prudent to speak at all, preferring to deal only with the facts, the practice and the law." Looking back now, aren't you ashamed to have been the author of such twaddle?

No, and it wasn't twaddle.

We'll see. You say prudence prevents you from discussing the religious angle, even though the whole thing is a religious issue and the minute you said marriage was not sacred, you made a religious statement. But let that pass. Do you know what prudence is?

Of course.

No, you don't. Prudence is a virtue, the particular virtue that enables a person to act reasonably, to do whatever he attempts to do well. If you were just ordinarily prudent, to say nothing of being "too

prudent" as you brag about being, you would know that a subject like marriage cannot be discussed reasonably without reference to its moral and religious implications. To make recommendations to Congress about marriage without considering any moral or religious angle, is exactly like recommending to Congress the protection of gangsters and (ahem) labor racketeers because they are doing such a clever job, apart from all moral and religious considerations.

That's different. Labor racketeers are ruining society. You take Mr. Bridges and Mr. Scalise and Mr. —

No, I won't take any of them. You can have them all. But if labor racketeers are ruining society, and for that reason should be purged from the unions (a consummation I wish for as heartily as yourself), then what about the ruin being effected by America's thousands of divorces? I recommend that you travel around a bit, Westbrook; visit a few orphanages; take a peek into some of our colossal psychopathic hospitals; read a bit of history, about great empires like Rome, and Greece, and don't forget France. You'll learn something.

I still think —

I knew you would. They say you used to be a Catholic. There's no pride like the pride of a fallen away Catholic. God help you.

Politician's Wife

Bouquets without number have been tossed to James A. Farley as he stepped out of politics and out of the president's cabinet during the summer. We believe he deserved them, but many people do not know that one great big bouquet belongs to Mrs. Farley, as she comes to the end of her service (we almost said sentence) as the wife of a politician.

Here is her record. During the whole of the term of her husband's tenure of office, she never had a residence in Washington. She was the only Cabinet wife without one. She shunned public life, and the kind of indiscriminate "socializing" and "socialiting" that so frequently becomes a mania with politicians' wives. When asked why she stayed away from Washington and its gay life, she gave this classic answer, which ought to be inscribed on a memorial somewhere for all mothers to read:

"My children are in school in New York, and I want to be right there, where I can really see them off to school in the morning and see them home again at night."

+----- Three Minute Instruction -----+

ON THE VOWS OF RELIGION

It is difficult for many people to understand the kind of life led by religious because they do not know the nature and the meaning of the three vows taken by every religious. These vows are the essence of the religious life. They are taken, in most instances, after one or two years of trial in a novitiate, first for three years, and then for life. They are:

1. *Poverty*. By the vow of poverty a religious gives up his right to own or use material things of any kind according to his own will. In practice this means three things: that he will use even necessary material things only with the permission of a superior; that he will earn or accept nothing for himself, nor dispose of anything without permission; that he may not acquire or use superfluous or unnecessary things. The vow of poverty thus makes a man or woman entirely dependent on others for even the necessities of life.

2. *Chastity*. By the vow of chastity a religious gives up the right to marriage and to all those things that normally lead to marriage, in order that he may give the love of his heart to God alone. This means two things: that he will strive to practice purity in the highest possible degree, and that he will guard the affections of his heart and not permit them to go out to others in ways contrary to his vow.

3. *Obedience*. By the vows of obedience a religious gives up his own will, in the sense that he promises to subject every action of his life to the command of others. Thus he promises to go only where he is sent; to do only that kind of work which he is commanded to do; to submit his own will entirely into the hands of his superiors.

Religious are bound, of course, under pain of sin to keep the vows which they have freely made,— of serious sin in serious matters, of venial sin in light matters. No one is allowed to take these three vows until he has proved his ability to keep them and has manifested that he is taking them with absolute freedom.

ON AUTOMOBILES AND THEIR USES

If you are among those who take the comforts of this modern age too much for granted you need this article. And if you take automobile trips, you need it more.

E. F. MILLER

ONE of the decided advantages of civilization as we know it in these modern times is the automobile. In an older age a vehicle traveling about freely without benefit of beast of burden to draw it or external agency to push it would have caused great wonderment and some fear. But now, due to vast strides made in the understanding of machinery, automobiles can be seen whisking up hill and down, over roads deeply clogged with mud, and driven by tender maidens and aged women; neither does the astonishing fact cause the slightest distress or consternation amongst citizens pursuing their way along their respective sidewalks. People have been anesthetized by habit. Constant contact with the startling has deadened the emotion of amazement and cooled the fire of wonder as water cools the fire in the stove.

Perhaps the greatest advantage of the automobile is the opportunity it affords Americans of seeing their country. Were it not for its amazing power and ability to carry people indefinite distances without complaint, the banks of the Wabash would be the farthest horizon of Hoosiers, the edge of the Rockies would be the end of the world for Westerners, and flying dust would be the only and last vision of Kansans, Texans, and many others who in a day long past wandered by foot and covered wagon to the wind-blown districts of the great Southwest. With the automobile New Yorkers are enabled finally to discover that there is more to the country than New York City, and that even as far as the Mississippi there are flourishing communities served by trains, buses and aeroplanes on regular schedule, and boasting of attractions as appealing and as interesting as anything on Broadway or the streets that stem from it. By means of the automobile New Englanders are aided in learning by the evidence of their own eyes that Detroit is not on the Pacific coast or near it, and that Indians no longer roam about on scalping expeditions in Chicago.

Few are the Americans who have not taken an automobile trip of some kind in the past five or ten years. Any Sunday afternoon on any

highway will attest the truth of this statement. And as the Grapes of Wrath proclaimed to those who were not choosey in the kind of relaxation and recreation they desired and who did not mind a dish of disgusting vulgarity for the nourishment of the mind, the poorest of the poor found funds to take a trip all the way from Oklahoma to California. They did so by automobile. The final argument is that of the many out-of-the-state licenses that one can see in every city and at almost any time of the year. It is a proof that America is on the move, and the cause of this is the Ford, the Chevrolet, the Plymouth and many other more or less expensive vehicles which our fathers naively loved to call horseless carriages.

AS MOST travelers by automobile have found out, there are certain rules that must be observed in the making of a trip. Without rules no organization can function successfully. Without rules no automobile trip can have a happy issue. These rules do not impose an unbearable burden on the mind, even on the least developed mind. In fact the less developed is the mind, the more assurance will there be that the rules will work. In drawing up a list of rules, we did not call upon the American Automobile Association or write to Conoco for a booklet of regulations done in color; we merely sat down on a chair and looked at the whole situation from the angle of the practical. What resulted from our cogitation is found below.

When the trip begins, there should be no general path marked or highway clearly outlined in the mind. System and order are the bane of all trips. It is enough to know the destination which is to be reached — San Francisco, the World's Fair, or the wife's mother in Skat, Nevada. Road maps can always be picked up when it becomes a necessity to purchase gas. Of course there may be the slight difficulty then of finding oneself a hundred or so miles off the track; but that should not cause undue disturbance. As long as a Westward or Southward (whatever the case may be) direction is being followed, things are still under control. It is easy to find out where the West is by looking out of the window of the car and discovering the location of the sun, or if it is a cloudy day, by asking a boy by the wayside where the sun generally goes down and comes up.

It is well, too, at the very beginning of the trip to put those bags and suitcases which do not fit into the trunk on the feet of the occupants

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of the back seat. Pack the surplus baggage in so well that the folks won't be able to get out of the car at necessary stops without a long program of uncovering and unloading and thrashing about unmercifully in their effort to escape. No trip is complete without this soothing and salutary experience. It should be looked to before the trip begins.

Once the journey is under way it is highly recommended that late starts be made each morning — say, around nine or ten o'clock so that it will be a necessity to drive after dark in the evening if a decent place is to be reached in which to sleep, and if any miles are to be covered during the day. After long, dusty hours of driving, especially in the South during the summer months when the heat is always high, to forge on until ten or eleven o'clock at night is just the right medicine for everybody's nerves. In the spirit of good clean fun the travelers begin to snap at one another around nine o'clock. By ten nobody is talking to anybody else in the car. And by eleven all are asleep except the driver, and he is half asleep. Sometimes in this semi-conscious condition the driver drives off the road into a ditch or a stubborn tree, and when the weary journeyers wake up and realize their predicament they all have a hearty laugh, thereby adding to the common joy of the trip. Generally such an emergency is a sign that the time has come to stop for the night.

ALL trips should be made with the clear understanding that the people undertaking it constitute a democracy. In other words no one person should be given authority as to what will be done in a particular contingency. Hitler was given such authority, and the world knows to what lengths he stretched it. The same might be said of Stalin. The automobile should be like unto the country over the roads of which it (the car) is rushing in its effort to reach a destination. America in the beginning was an automobile (some called it a ship) setting out on the road of time. What agreement did the first riders have? That authority should not be vested in one man, but in all men. The wisdom of following this example, namely, that no one man may make any decisions on an automobile trip, will be apparent ere two hundred miles are covered.

Thus, in regard to dinner. Some there will undoubtedly be who would prefer to push on, and waste as little time as possible in eating. They do not care for any lunch, or for any food no matter how great

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the need may be. Others care not merely for a lunch, but for a full dinner — chicken, or steak or some other like substance that is very nourishing and filling, and which will take about an hour or more in preparing and in consuming. If there are women in the car, they are more likely to have a tendency like this than the men. Still others are very desirous of eating, but only a light lunch. A hamburger or ham sandwich with a bottle of beer or coca cola would be quite sufficient. But this is not the only good point of the democratic arrangement. The next point will be — the place at which to stop. One restaurant after the other flies by. If nobody says anything, the driver does not stop. Or it may be, somebody actually does say something, but to the effect that the place being passed does not look like a very good one anyway. Thus two o'clock p.m. arrives, and still no dinner. Very often it will turn out that dinner will consist of a candy bar and a bottle of soda, purchased at a filling station.

The same fine effects of the democratic form of traveling will be noted when the time comes to determine where the party is to put up for the night. Nowadays there are close to every city beautiful little villages called tourist camps. A dozen or more cottages will be arranged in a circle around a flower bed or a fountain, and in these cottages will be found the accommodations of the best hotels. Shower baths, electric fans, air-conditioning, ice boxes, Simmons springs are but a few of the advantages they possess. All along the road for miles approaching these earthly paradises will be signs large and small apprising the oncoming travelers of their existence. Some of the more impressionable of the riders will read these signs and become cabin conscious. By all means they want to stay at a cabin. Others again will prefer a hotel — a good hotel. You always know what you are getting in a hotel. There's no telling what you'll get in a tourist camp. Vacation is no time to flounder around with bugs, night air, indifferent plumbing and mosquitoes as one might readily expect to meet in a lean-to put up hurriedly and most likely no better than an Indian tepee or a shed in the back yard. A third group will not know where they want to stay. Democracy demands that no decision be made by any one individual; and since all the individuals have different ideas, it is easy to see what a wonderful time all will have. Eventually a place is found — or to put it better, is arrived at, and it is accepted as an appropriate sleeping quarter for the night. Everybody is so tired by that time that it makes little difference to them where they stay.

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SOMETIMES on a long trip the car will stop for no apparent reason. This may happen far away from any garage or mechanic or any center of civilization where a proper investigation can be made. The first advice that we would give in a case like that is, that all sit in the car in silence for a little while during which time the one who is driving tinkers with the buttons and gadgets that meet his eye on the dash board and down around his feet. After trying this for a few moments and finding no success let all begin to offer suggestions, the more the merrier. When this period has passed, it is well for a few of the men folks to descend from their seats and take a good look into the works of the car, first of all, of course, lifting up the hood that hides the engine. In order to be able to lift up the hood, we strongly recommend that all men take a lesson or two in this before they escape from the point of their departure in their native city. The hoods on the new cars are sometimes very difficult to lift, and an amateur could play with them for a long time without having any success in standing them up on their heels.

After the hood has been raised satisfactorily; two or three may take a good long look inside the works, or machinery of the automobile. Not knowing anything about automobiles they will not be able to do very much in the way of fastening or unfastening wires, tightening or loosening bolts and so forth, but they will be in a position to convince themselves that something is actually wrong, and that perhaps a man should be called from the nearest town who may be able to do something practical about the trouble.

From these few remarks it will be conceded, we believe, that the automobile is a wonderful institution. It makes for that ruggedness for which Americans are justly famous in Europe and on other continents. The only sad part of the matter is, no automobile, no matter how powerful it is, can drive a man as far as even the nearest star in the heavens. Naturally then, no automobile can drive a man to heaven. Metaphorically, however, automobiles have driven some people to hell. With that sombre note we close our learned analysis of the modern car, advising our readers that if they want any further information, they need only look up the advertisements that will soon be abroad, printed and published by the automobile industry for the promotion of ever bigger and better cars in the coming year.

THOUGHT FOR THE SHUT-IN

L. F. HYLAND

It is sad that for many sick people the occasion which should bring the greatest consolation is frequently spoiled by unmitigated fear. It is the time when the doctor and the priest decide that the sacrament of extreme unction should be administered.

A strange superstition has grown up in the hearts of some Catholics to the effect that they believe the imparting of extreme unction to be a certain sign that death is at hand. Nothing could be more foolish from every possible point of view.

It is clearly written in the revealed record of the institution of this sacrament that one of its purposes is to restore health if that be in accordance with God's will and to the ultimate benefit of the soul of the sick person. This purpose is abundantly demonstrated by experience. No actual accounting of cases in which extreme unction has been administered is possible; but it is safe to say that in a very high percentage of such cases, a return of health and not death has followed upon its reception. Every active priest can recall any number of such instances.

Furthermore, if the administration of extreme unction meant the certain approach of death, it would mean that human beings were gifted with a prophetic knowledge of life and death which Holy Scripture distinctly states belongs only to God. True, in certain cases of far advanced disease or serious harm to the body, it can be known that death is near; but in far more cases it is a matter of doubt to the most finely trained medical minds in the world. All that can be said in such cases is that there is danger; that to be on the safe side it is best to be prepared.

Therefore Catholics should train themselves not to be afraid of the sacrament of extreme unction. Whether they are to die or not rests in the unfathomable will of God. All that human beings can do, whether priests or laymen, is to exercise their fallible judgment in deciding that there is danger of death. When that decision is made, God permits them to have the senses anointed with oil, and the words of forgiveness enunciated, and the grace of strength for life or death imparted, so that whatever God asks of the sick person, may be endured courageously and well. Truly this is a sacrament for those who are to live, as well as for those who are to die.

ST. ALPHONSUS THE HISTORIAN

Slurs against St. Alphonsus like the one answered here are not infrequently made. Makers of such convict themselves of a vast ignorance.

S. McKENNA

NOT so long ago one of our Catholic periodicals featured the story that George Washington died as a member of the Catholic Church. The proofs offered for this startling assertion seemed flimsy and inconclusive and I explained my objections in a letter to the author. The latter, however, continued to defend his opinion and explained his reasons with the minutest detail, but I must confess with no greater cogency. Knowing that I was a Redemptorist he ended his letter very abruptly with words to the following effect: "As George Washington had a copy of Murillo's Immaculate Conception in his home St. Alphonsus would conclude that our first president was undoubtedly a Catholic." To the best of my knowledge St. Alphonsus nowhere asserts that a heretic or sinner has obtained the gift of conversion through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin without *practising* some special devotion in her honor.

The implication of this remark about St. Alphonsus (in no way connected of course with the matter we had been discussing) is quite evident. The saint, according to this writer, was a very gullible person who, when face to face with an historical problem that touched upon matters of religion or devotion, would allow his emotions to run away with his judgment.

Those who are acquainted even superficially with the life and writings of the saint feel almost instinctively that such an accusation is absolutely unfair. St. Alphonsus before becoming a priest had been for eight years a very successful lawyer. This success would have been impossible if the saint had not made a thorough examination of the cases presented to him, weighed the evidence carefully, and given his frank and impartial judgment. This rigorous training proved to be of incalculable benefit later on in settling the delicate questions of moral theology and gained for him the title "Prince of Moral Theologians." Are we to believe that the saint would act otherwise when he was treating of a problem of history?

Furthermore, it was the general practice of St. Alphonsus never to put his pen to paper until he had found out what other men had written about the subject. Thus referring to some minor ascetical writings he said: "Before composing these small works I have consulted hundreds of books." One reader has gone to the trouble of counting the number of footnotes in the saint's *Moral Theology* and found that there were more than 70,000 citations from approved theologians! It would be strange indeed if the saint were less careful and conscientious when he was writing about some phase of history.

Finally, the Sovereign Pontiff in 1870, after a thorough examination had been made of the one hundred and eleven books written by St. Alphonsus, declared him a "Doctor of the Church." This dignity is conferred upon those saints whose writings reveal an *extraordinary* knowledge of the sacred sciences and only twenty-seven men have been thus honored during the past nineteen hundred years. Would the Roman examiners have judged St. Alphonsus worthy of becoming one of the official teachers of the Church if his writings gave evidence of his gullibility and a lack of sound judgment? But the best and most effective manner of defending St. Alphonsus the Historian is to examine his books that have an historical aspect.

THE first work in which the saint makes use of history is in the best-known and most widely-read of his larger books—the *Glories of Mary*. At the conclusion of each chapter in this book there is an example, usually of a miraculous character, illustrating Mary's fidelity to her clients and her power before the throne of God. In some cases, however, the saint records the example without citing the sources of his information. Some readers were therefore of the opinion that these examples were based upon the testimony of writers hardly worthy of credence.

Two facts will show the weakness and falsity of this objection. In 1862, more than a century after the appearance of the *Glories of Mary*, there was published a work on our Blessed Mother in twelve volumes. The reader finds in this monumental work some of the identical stories quoted by St. Alphonsus. Just three years ago the Italian Redemptorists issued a critical edition of this book by their founder. The editors went to the trouble of checking the sources from which St. Alphonsus drew his examples and listed them in the footnotes. In an appendix they

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discussed the proofs for the more astounding miracles in this work. The result of this careful study has vindicated the judgment of the saint for the authors whom he quotes were regarded in his time as careful and trustworthy men.

The other historical books by St. Alphonsus were written when he was well over seventy years old — an age when most men have finished their life-work and are incapable of applying themselves to serious study. The first of these appeared in 1772 and bears the title *History of Heresies*. This book is a summary of the principal heresies which had arisen in the Church. Other men, it is true, had written about these heresies before St. Alphonsus but they treated them chronologically and references to the same heresy were scattered throughout the text and often in different volumes. The saint takes each heresy separately and gives a complete account of its history. He then undertakes what no previous author had done — a refutation of these heresies. The latter part of this book might seem like a waste of time when in the eighteenth century the more real and more dangerous heresy of Protestantism was challenging the Church. But St. Alphonsus' reading had convinced him that the various brands of Protestantism were but revivals under a new name of the ancient errors. Hence in refuting these heresies he was forging a new weapon for the Catholic apologists.

In the preface the saint apologizes for the fact that his multitudinous duties as bishop prevented him "from examining *each* point that he discusses with a minute and rigorous criticism." He added, however, that he has made use of the best and most reliable historians. We may easily imagine then why the Neapolitan censor stung him to the quick when, though giving his approval to this book, he made the remark that St. Alphonsus quoted "from pious rather than from critical authors." "When the censor says," wrote the saint upon reading this comment, "that I have not made use of authors who are critical it is the same as saying that I have written in a haphazard manner . . . that I have written like an imbecile." He ends this letter with a sentence that echoes the sentiments of every author: "He who writes books must be ready to be cut to pieces." The censor's accusation was thoroughly unfounded. St. Alphonsus throughout this work refers constantly to the histories of Baronius, Fleury, Natalis Alexander, and Tillemont, — the standard books of reference on Church History in the eighteenth century.

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THREE years later, in 1775, there appeared two other books which have an historical bearing. The saint, who had vowed never to waste a moment of time, composed them "in order not to be idle during the few months of life that still remain." The first of these was the *Victory of the Martyrs*. It is a record of the sufferings endured by the early martyrs during the Roman persecutions and those who had sacrificed their lives for Christ during the more recent attacks upon the Church in Japan. His purpose in writing this book was to spur on the Catholics of his own day to remain loyal to the Church of the Martyrs at a time when he wrote gloomily: "Faith no longer reigns in any land . . . and even where the faith remains intact it is being persecuted by unbelievers."

St. Alphonsus realized only too well that there is no field of Church history where the historian must use greater caution than in the lives of the saints and holy persons, especially those who lived in the early centuries. So many stories grow up about them and so many marvelous miracles are attributed to them that with the passage of time it is sometimes impossible to distinguish truth from legend. Unless the biographer gives evident proof of a careful use of his material the reader is easily liable to become skeptical about things in the lives of the saints that are doubtless true. St. Alphonsus avoided this pitfall by quoting from those histories of the martyrs whose authority was universally recognized at the time. "I have taken care," he wrote in the preface, "to make known facts that are well-established and cited by reliable authors. I have avoided using some special histories not because I believe them to be false but because they appear to be of doubtful value."

The second book which appeared in this same year is entitled: *The Admirable Conduct of Divine Providence in Saving Mankind Through Jesus Christ*. St. Alphonsus was inspired to write this book by Bossuet's magnificent *Discourse on Universal History*. In the first volume the saint shows that the whole history of mankind before Christ was but a preparation for His coming, and that the prophecies, sacrifices, and ceremonies of the Mosaic law find their fulfillment and perfection only in Christianity. The second volume emphasizes the divinity of the Church as witnessed by her unchangeable doctrine and by the failure of heretics and persecutors to destroy her. The Catholic Church—the Mystical Body of Christ—has triumphed over all her enemies

in the past; she will also triumph over all her enemies in the future. Such is the obvious conclusion of the saint's philosophy of history.

St. Alphonsus informs us that he spent three years of "fatiguing labor" in the writing of this book. From his footnotes we see how extremely careful he is to quote only the most reliable historians. The other books of the saint that we have mentioned were destined for the ordinary reader and written in a popular style. In this work St. Alphonsus had in mind the educated people of his time and presents his subject in a more scientific manner. "Have it read," he wrote rather humorously to his publisher, "by some learned man for it is not a book to be judged by women. . . . Unless self-love deceives me," he continues with a disarming frankness, "I think that it is a golden book . . . because it seems to me that it may be of advantage to our ancient faith in these times when the impious writings of wicked men, who desire only to see the faith of Jesus Christ destroyed, are pouring from the press." Pope Pius VI to whom the saint dedicated this book praised the author for his "admirable learning"—a tribute he would hardly have paid to one noted for his lack of critical judgment or his gullibility.

THE year 1777 marked the appearance of a fourth work in connection with Church history. It bears the somewhat long and cumbersome title: *The Fidelity of Vassals towards God also Makes Them Obedient to their Rulers*. To understand the purpose of this book—the saint's last important literary production—we must remember that the rulers of France allowed the anti-religious writings of Voltaire, Rousseau, and the Encyclopedists to circulate freely among the people. Translations of these works were to be found in practically every nation of Europe. St. Alphonsus, who was eighty-one years old at the time, saw that this false spirit of toleration would have fatal consequences for civil as well as religious authority. He warned the rulers of his day in no uncertain terms that the men who began by attacking the Altar would not stop until they had destroyed the Throne. "Those who do not fear God in Heaven have little respect for the sovereign on earth . . . Allow sin to continue and you will soon see everything overturned in the state." Turning the pages of history and quoting again from approved authors, he holds up for the imitation of the rulers of his day the example of men like the Emperor Constantine, St. Louis of France, St. Stephen of Hungary, and Ethelbert of England who estab-

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lished their governments upon Christian principles, protected the Church against her enemies, and thereby fostered the temporal welfare of their subjects.

An ardent admirer of the saint was struck by the timeliness of his message and had the book translated into French almost immediately after the appearance of the Italian edition. He forwarded copies of the French translation to the Catholic princes of Europe and to the ambassadors and ministers accredited to the Holy See. The saint's words failed to awaken the rulers to the seriousness of the situation and in their blindness they allowed the attacks upon the Church and religion to continue with unabated fury. But a decade later the prophecy of St. Alphonsus was grimly fulfilled when the heads of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette rolled from the guillotine and the safety of every monarch in Europe was endangered. The hatred of divine and human authority, which the saint tried in vain to check in the eighteenth century, is in great measure responsible for the social, political, and religious unrest of the present day.

OUR survey of the saint's treatment of history, brief though it has been, enables us to give an evaluation of him as an historian. It was the opinion of the late Bishop of St. John's, New Foundland, the Most Reverend John Mullock, that St. Alphonsus' "long life engaged in studies, chiefly ecclesiastical, enabled him, above any man of his time, to be an ecclesiastical historian." Despite his qualifications St. Alphonsus never pretended to be a professional writer of history. Not a single one of his hundred books can be classified as strictly and exclusively historical. History in his opinion was but a means to an end—to spur on the readers to virtue or to deter them from vice, to exemplify, to clarify, or to emphasize some doctrine of theology. Consequently he based his historical references not upon the original documents, which in many cases were no longer available, but upon the authority of the approved historians of his day.

Historical criticism has made remarkable strides since the time of St. Alphonsus. The more scientific study of the original sources has shown that many writings of the past which even the best historians regarded as authentic were in reality only forgeries or were not the work of the men to whom they were attributed. It has proven beyond the shadow of a doubt that these early manuscripts were not always

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correctly interpreted. The discovery of new and more reliable documents has so revolutionized the story of past events that some of the authors whom St. Alphonsus quoted can no longer be looked upon as reliable. It follows naturally that the historical statements of the saint in some instances are in need of considerable revision.

Consequently St. Alphonsus' chief claim to fame is not as an historian but as a writer of books on moral, ascetical, and dogmatic theology in which the Holy See has declared there is "nothing worthy of censure." But still with all his limitations as an historian we can say that he was extremely careful to use only the standard histories of his day. He would hardly leap to the conclusion that George Washington was a Catholic merely because he possessed a copy of the Immaculate Conception in his home at Mt. Vernon.

Religion Isn't and Is

Religion is not

A matter of fancy or sentiment depending on moods that change and feelings that come and go

A matter of myth, which a man has to strain his will and insult his mind to accept

A matter of hearsay or presumption or supposition, that a man cannot test or prove

A matter of change and variety, as if God did not care what different men thought about Him, or how often they changed their views

Religion is

The knowledge, love and service of God, based on the exact things God has done for man and said to him

The communication of man with God modeled on God's communication with man

The sum-total of man's obligations to God, ascertained through reason and faith in God's proven words

The science—just as rational and objective as any science—that teaches us what we are, whence we came, and whither we are going

The subjection of man, in his beliefs, his actions, his thoughts, to God Who is the Sovereign Good, the beginning and end of all

The same for all ages, the same for all men, because God does not change, truth does not change, and man's nature does not change.

QUESTION OF THE MONTH

How do you reconcile the contradiction in these two things: On the one hand the Catholic religion teaches that the good things of the earth have been given by God for man's enjoyment and that they may remind him of the goodness of God; on the other hand, the Catholic religion is constantly urging mortification and the giving up of the good things of earth?

There is contradiction here only when one fails to grasp that there are limitations, imposed by the natural law, both on the extent to which one should seek to enjoy the good things of earth, and on the extent to which mortification may be recommended or practiced.

With regard to the first, it is true that God created the earth and the goodness thereof for the use and enjoyment of man, that it might help him recognize more readily the goodness of God. That does not mean however, that every conceivable earthly enjoyment is always good. In enjoying the good things God made, man must be guided by the divine law, which tells man that he must use things only in accordance with reason, and that if he uses them unreasonably he is guilty of sin. Thus, to overindulge in alcoholic liquor would be to use a good thing unreasonably; or to seek the indulgence of sensual passions outside of marriage and contrary to the laws of marriage, would be bad. Moreover, because there is a tendency in man to misuse the good things God made, due to original sin, he has to train himself to overcome that tendency by sometimes denying himself the enjoyment even of good things.

With regard to the second, the natural law imposes definite limitations on the amount of mortification a person may practice. No one may deny himself things necessary for the maintenance of life for the sake of mortification; no one may stop eating entirely, or give up his eye-sight or mutilate his body to prevent his falling into evil. In short, the amount of mortification urged and recommended is that which is necessary to help man live a good life, enjoying the good things God made, without falling into sin.

DOCTOR McGONIGLE'S INVENTION

Stupendous is but a feeble word for the latest of Dr. McGonigle's contributions to society. It will rock the advertising world to its foundations.

L. G. MILLER

IT IS with some hesitancy that I bring to the notice of the public the stupendous invention of my friend, Dr. Lucius P. McGonigle. Only at the earnest instance of Dr. McGonigle himself have I presumed to do so. That great man's life is given over to deeds, not to words; he rightly leaves the pen to those whose gifts of mind are far from being on the same high plane with his own. Since I am one of those lesser mortals who must perforce live by the pen, Dr. McGonigle entrusted to me the task of publishing the strange facts connected with his latest invention and its testing on the celebrated actress, Miss June LeJeune.

I had known for some time that Dr. McGonigle was working on a new invention. I know little about the wonders of science, but despite this defect the doctor is gracious enough to number me among his intimate friends, and on several recent visits to his laboratory I had noticed by his glittering eye and intense preoccupation that he was about to present to mankind one of those world-shaking accomplishments of science by which so much has been done for the Betterment of Civilization and the Progress of the Human Race.

Imagine my joy when Dr. McGonigle phoned me last week saying that he had something of the utmost importance to communicate to me. I immediately hurried to his home. The doctor himself met me at the door. There was a look of quiet joy on his face which indicated that the strain of so many weeks was at an end, and that his work had been crowned with success.

"Leo, my boy," the doctor said, as soon as we had seated ourselves in the parlor, "I believe you will acknowledge that I have been able to make several modest little contributions to the Advancement of Science."

"You certainly have, Doctor," I replied.

"Leo, my boy," said the great man, with a deprecatory wave of his hand, "All that I have done before is as nothing in comparison with

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my latest invention. I have invented a machine, Leo, which will make people tell the truth."

"Make people tell the truth?"

"Precisely. You know what a lie-detector is, Leo?"

"Why, yes."

"My invention is a truth detector. If you can find out whether people are telling lies or not, why can't you go further and make them tell the truth whether they want to or not? You follow me, Leo?"

"After a fashion," I said, bewildered and entranced as the doctor's great scientific mind unfolded itself before me.

"That was the question I proposed to myself. Now — follow me closely, Leo — truth is light, is it not?"

"Y-yes."

"My problem was to find a light wave that would act directly upon the brain. My theory was that light, coming in contact with and penetrating the brain, would make it temporarily incapable of conceiving a lie. Leo," said the doctor, sitting back in his chair and folding his hands, "I have found that light wave and I have harnessed it."

I WAS speechless at the magnitude of the vista which the doctor had opened up before me. I could only look at him with something akin to adoration in my eyes.

"The advantage that my little apparatus has over its — ahem — forerunner, the lie-detector, is this: it can be used on a person even when he or she is unaware of its presence. The light wave I use is invisible to the naked eye. Under the influence of that light wave, Leo, it will be impossible for a person to answer anything but the truth to any given question."

The doctor stopped again, but I could only nod my head in wordless homage.

"Now, Leo, the reason why I have called you here is that I will need your assistance in submitting my invention to its first big test."

"I'll be glad to do anything I can, Doctor," I said, for my voice had finally returned to me, "and you don't know how much I appreciate your placing such confidence in me."

"Tush, tush, Leo," said the great inventor, "tush, tush, my boy." Rising from his chair, he went over to a table and picked up a newspaper which was lying upon it.

"Leo, my boy," he said, handing me the paper, "read the paragraph which I have enclosed in a pencilled circle."

I took the paper wonderingly, and read the following words:

Miss June LeJeune, Hollywood's current "Sweetheart of America," who is appearing in person this week at the Biloxi Theatre, is a great lover of children. She likes nothing better than to spend a quiet hour at an orphanage not far from her Beverly Hills bungalow. While her latest picture, "Babies For Sale," was being filmed, she appeared most happy while cuddling a little one in her arms. "If my public ever permits me to marry," Miss LeJeune is reported to have said recently, "I want to have at least five children, three boys and two girls." It is rumored that Miss LeJeune is in line for the award given annually by the Federated Associations for Women to the most typical American girl.

I looked up at Dr. McGonigle.

"Is Miss LeJeune then to be the first one upon whom we shall test your invention?" I said quietly, for I felt so utterly unworthy of the privilege which was being offered me.

"Precisely, Leo. On the basis of your connection with the *Tribune-Tirader* it should be easy for you to arrange an interview. I will accompany you, and while you ask the questions which I will suggest, I will, unknown to her, focus my machine directly upon our victim. Leo, my boy, the results," said the doctor significantly, "should be highly interesting."

"They should indeed, doctor," I said, trembling at the task which lay before me, "they should indeed."

MISS June LeJeune was making her headquarters at the Rich-Carlson Hotel during her stay in the city, and it was thither that Dr. McGonigle and I wended our way on the morning of the day following the above conversation. I had had no trouble in getting an interview with the actress. As soon as she learned that I represented the *Tribune-Tirader*, that great moulder of public opinion, she was very gracious indeed, and promptly appointed eleven o'clock as a suitable hour for the interview.

We found Miss LeJeune at her breakfast, enchantingly robed in a dressing gown of some soft and flimsy material, and with a cigarette smouldering between her delicate fingers. Hardly had we seated our-

selves, when she said sharply, pointing to the small black box which the doctor held gingerly in his hands:

"What's that thing?"

"It's a kind of camera," I said, hoping she would let it go at that. Miss LeJeune seemed satisfied.

"O.K.," she said, "but none of these informal snaps, do you hear? I must always look my best for my public."

The doctor nodded. I saw his hand hover over the machine, and I heard a tiny little click, which told me that the marvellous light ray was now turned upon its victim. The great moment had arrived. I took a deep breath.

"Now then, Miss LeJeune, is LeJeune your real name?"

"No."

"What is your name in real life?"

"Susie Hausenweiser."

I heard the doctor draw in his breath sharply, but I dared not look at him.

"We would like to know, Miss LeJeune, if the newspapers and magazines are correct in describing you as a great lover of children?" Miss LeJeune favored us with a peal of laughter, while she crushed out her cigarette in an untouched slice of canteloupe.

"That 'great love for babies' line always gives me a big laugh," she said.

"You mean that actually you don't care for babies?"

"Don't be silly. I wouldn't touch the sticky little brats with a ten foot pole. Their bawling drives me crazy."

"It isn't true, then, that you like nothing better than to spend an occasional hour at an orphanage?"

"Good heavens, no! If I ever go near one of those places it'll be a sign that I'm losing my mind."

"But yesterday's *Tribune-Tirader* said of you that while making 'Babies For Sale' you were most happy while cuddling a little one in your arms."

"That's what it said, but that's what it didn't mean. I'm here to tell you, pals, that it wasn't so. By the time we finished that picture I was so fed up with babies that another day and I'd have been ready for the looney-bin."

I heard the Doctor emit a little sigh. If anything distressed him, it

was unladylike speech and conduct. Even I could appreciate his feelings in this case. I felt a growing disgust at Miss LeJeune's manner, whereas before this her screen appearances had attracted me and won my heart.

"But how could you look so happy," I asked, "if in reality you were so unhappy in holding a baby in your arms?"

"I was getting paid 50 a minute for it, brother. I could look happy doing anything for that dough."

"What about the statement which the *Tribune-Tirader* ascribed to you that when you marry you want at least five children?" Miss LeJeune again permitted herself a loud laugh.

"Isn't my press agent clever?" she said. "I never would have thought of that one, especially since I've been married twice already without so much as one child."

I heard the Doctor shift uneasily, and I knew that he had reached the limit of his endurance. But I could not resist asking one final question.

"Miss LeJeune," I asked earnestly, "why in heaven's name do you practice this deception on your public?"

"That's easy," said the Sweetheart of America, calmly, "if I look innocent and unspoiled, why not cash in on it? If my public wants me that way, they can have me that way, so long as they keep on giving their half dollars to the girl in the ticket-booth."

Dr. McGonigle and I arose to our feet. Miss LeJeune's attention again fell upon the black box in the doctor's hands.

"No pictures this morning, Grandpa," she said, "I don't look the part." And then the doctor contributed his only remark to that memorable interview.

"It's perfectly all right, Miss LeJeune," he said, "I think we have a very true picture of you to take away with us."

And with that we left her staring at us in surprise.

AS WE walked down the street Dr. McGonigle was silent, and I dared not disturb the meditations of that great mind. In the same block with the hotel was the Biloxi Theatre, and we found ourselves, as if by mutual consent, standing before the large posters exhibited in front, which displayed Miss LeJeune in various poses and postures, and called attention to the fact that she was "America's Sweetheart," and was "loved by all good women for her sterling womanly

qualities." We were told to "come and see her this week in person, and be inspired by her radiant femininity."

Beside us stood two girls in their early teens, gazing starry-eyed at a large picture of Miss LeJeune.

"Gee, if I could only be like her," we heard one of them murmur.

The Doctor turned away abruptly and began walking rapidly down the street.

"Leo, my boy," he said, "does the public really want to know the truth? Would they thank me for showing them how unworthy that woman is of their admiration and love?"

I did not dare give the answer that was in my mind. With heavy hearts we walked into a restaurant to get a spot of dinner.

Double Features

Dr. Gallup's riders have "galluped" over the country making another poll. (About No. 216,345.) This one was about double feature movie shows. The final results: 43 per cent for; 57 per cent against.

There is, however, a catch in the victory won by the enemies of the three to five hour sitting contests sponsored by double features. The majority of the votes against double features came from persons over 23 years of age and from persons in the larger income brackets. Further still, 64 per cent of all the voters said they would prefer double features if both features were invariably good.

Double features, therefore, will without doubt continue. This means the continuation of the softening process on the American people, because 1) children and young people, who should spend much of their leisure time out of doors in the sunshine, taking part in their own games, building up physical and moral stamina for a hard future, will still be allured to dark places to sit and gaze for hours at a time on false views of what life is all about, and 2) the poor, who have every right to their share of entertainment, will still be making movie houses a place of escape from their problems and from the industry that might better their lot, instead of an occasional treat that would fit them for their responsibilities.

Our Mother

She bends in her queenly glory
To say with her look so mild—
To each of her earthly servants
The sweetest of words—my child.

THE PROFESSOR FINDS A WIFE

We do not recommend the methods of this professor—for the delicate task of selecting a spouse. Yet the end of the story may well nullify our recommendations.

E. F. MILLER

AS I take up pen (instigated by a psychological impulse the exact nature of which I am at a loss to category) to put into manuscript form certain recent events that altered completely the flow of my life, a kindly, young person is seated upon the arm of my chair following closely every stroke that I make, and interrupting her scrutiny only to rumple my hair or to impress a light kiss upon the lobe of my ear, the vicinity of my nose, or the crown of my head. She has very blue eyes, the color of that pottery which emerged from the kilns of King Knossos of Crete, 4000 B.C., a fair complexion, smiling lips—and a heart capable of such expansive affection that I still cannot believe that it is mine till death do us part. I pause in my work to look at her; but resolutely she turns my head towards the flat surface of the desk and the white paper upon it.

"Now, Claude," she says, "remember what you said. You were going to write this article straight through without a single interruption. Don't forget why you are writing it." She smiles at me shyly. "Now if you stop again, I'll go out in the kitchen and stay there."

I sigh. "You are right, Marie. Difficult though this task is, I must get on with it before I lose heart. It's our only chance." It might be just as well to admit at once that in these jottings I am bearing to the public the most precious chapter of my life; and what is far worse, I am doing it out of mercenary motives. We, Marie and I, are in need of money. My position as assistant professor of Ceramics at the university does not provide me with a sufficient income to do more than merely support my little entourage. And yet a honeymoon is imperative. And honeymoons cost money. Thus, to acquire money, I am going contrary to deeply laid instincts; I am placing myself amongst those whom I detest most—the writers of spectacular, sensational and emotional literature; truly I am placing myself upon the block. May my fathers and forefathers forgive me this lapse from the policy of culture and

conservatism they labored so faithfully to preserve, this exchange of sensitiveness for a callous indifference to the most sacred happenings of my life.

But I must be on with my story. The die has been cast. Like the potter who in the fashioning of a vase may not allow his attention to wander even for a moment while the wheel is spinning if he desires to produce an object worthy of the attention of the critics, so also with me: the more I allow my mind to wander and be caught up in the complexities of qualms, the more unsightly will be the effect of my labors. Hereby, then, I put aside all *obiter dicta*, and plunge directly into the matter of my manuscript.

IT WAS just about a year ago that suddenly the realization was brought home to me that I was, as it were, a man without a country, a ship without a sail. I was alone in the world, my mother and father having passed on to better things in the due passage of time, and my nearest kith and kin moving off to climes far distant from the one that through circumstances I had been brought to make my own. Surely I had a duty to perform, some special work to do. Surely I was not destined to walk through life alone, a mere name scrawled some place in the world's ledger, without note or annotation indicating that I had accomplished or was accomplishing the work assigned to me by my Creator. Being at an age when the chimeric dreams of youth have lost their tint, and the unstable foundations of self-sufficiency have proved their weakness, I felt the urgent necessity of finding my place in the social economy of the world—in other words, of settling down. I also felt that my particular place was in the holy haven and long established institution of matrimony.

But there I stopped. I knew no young ladies except those whom I had in my classes, and these I turned away from at once with a kind of shudder. Not that I did not admire them. Without a doubt they had many fine qualities that they did not disclose in hum-drum daily life. But as life partners (not for others, of course, but for me in particular), they fell short. They seemed to have no stability, no realization of the seriousness of life and its attendant responsibilities. They lounged and slumped in the classroom, powdered and painted in public, spoke a jargon unintelligible to an English-speaking world, and gave the general impression that they were little children trying to act wiser and

more grown up than grown-ups themselves. Nothing seemed to penetrate their pretty heads beyond football players, parties and other trivia equally unimportant. Though they smiled and fawned upon me (why I do not know) and showed themselves quite willing to accompany me through the corridors of the hall where I taught, I could not bring myself to look upon them seriously. I had to find other veins to tap, other fields to explore, and having found them, leave the rest to Providence. Only through the kind services of Providence could I hope that some nice young lady might be blinded to my defects and shortcomings, and see in me a desirable companion for the sacred comradeship of marriage.

It was due to Providence that I found such a field.

ONE Sunday morning I was hearing Mass in a church hard by the university campus. It was a parish church, and I was taken by the usher up to the middle where I had a clear view of the sanctuary and the altar. I was about to take out my missal when my attention was drawn to the fact that in front of me, occupying every pew to the very Communion railing, were young ladies, varying in age, I should say, from eighteen to thirty. Though I was lax in allowing myself the privilege during Holy Mass, I permitted my eyes to take them in. They were for the most part pretty girls; but what was more important, they were intent upon what they were doing, seriously following the Mass, fervently taking part in the prayers they said together, and apparently oblivious to all things around them but the matter in hand. Immediately my mind was made up—amongst these young ladies I would seek my future wife. Presumptuous, I know. But the conviction came, and I clung to it.

On the way home to my apartment I pondered deeply. How was I to establish an acquaintanceship? One cannot go up to a stranger and merely announce the name and expect a friendship to ripen from such liberty. No, there must be certain events, meetings, circumstances preparing the way even before an introduction can be essayed. Cloistered with my books, I had and would have little opportunity to become a part of these necessary events, meetings and circumstances. Perhaps it would be better to be myself; to eschew all hypocrisy, and merely place my cards flatly on the table, as the expression goes. I would address a letter to the Young Ladies' Sodality (undoubtedly it was

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that which I had seen in action), explain my position, and ask for an interview. Though my whole being shuddered at the thought of the ordeal—of being surveyed and examined, it was my only chance of accomplishing the end I had in mind. I would throw myself upon their mercy, reserving the right, of course, to make the final decision. Forthwith I sat down at my desk and indited the following letter.

Young Ladies' Sodality
St. Edwin's Parish
Chicago, Illinois
My dear friends:

Without tergiversation I shall come to the point. I am looking for a wife—not in the sense of one who advertises in the newspapers for such a commodity, but in the true, Catholic sense of one who is seeking a partner who will bring him happiness in life and more certain salvation in eternity. I am in hopes that amongst you there may be one who will be willing to fill this difficult position. To enable you to give a considered answer to my appeal I shall outline briefly my antecedents, good and bad, and then throw myself upon your kindness.

I am six feet tall, 180 pounds in weight, and of physical proportions that remove from me all danger of attack from rogues or hoodlums on unfrequented streets. I possess a head of heavy, not unattractive (I hope) black hair, left me, I am sure, by sturdy progenitors as Spartan in their habits of life as any pioneer breaking soil for the first time in a new land. I am happy to say that I am a good Catholic.

However, I have two sharp handicaps.

The first one is my eyes. By choice and inclination I was destined from my earliest years to pursue a line of knowledge little known and less explored by men of learning. The result has been that I have given myself so completely to compelling concentration on Ceramics and ancient pottery (the branch I now teach at the university) that I have been forced to consult an oculist to seek artificial stimulus to my fading eye-sight. I now wear spectacles. I am a confirmed myope.

My second handicap is even more distressing. I am a victim of shyness. In the presence of persons of the opposite sex my hands grow enormous, my face reddens, my feet shuffle, my speech comes haltingly to my lips. I falter like a bird with a wounded wing.

Would you consider my application, and grant me an interview?

My address is etc.

Sincerely etc.

I mailed the letter, and awaited with trepidation the answer. It came, and it was to the point. It informed me that my message was graciously received by the young ladies in meeting, and while no promises could be given for the simple reason that love is not some-

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thing that you go out in an orchard and pick off a tree, still all were quite agreed that if I were willing to submit to a test as to my capabilities of being a worthy husband, my case might not be entirely hopeless. A date was set for the hearing. It was to be the following evening.

In my joy at receiving so promising an answer I flung the letter in the air, and after looking around carefully executed two intricate dance steps in the corridor where I was standing. But that was not enough to prove my exuberance of spirit. I seized my hat and made for my car at the curb. The birds and the clouds and the very air I breathed would hear of my victory. Jauntily I leaped to the running board and with a flourish opened the door. And right there I met my fate. I inclined my head too rapidly forward. There was a gentle tinkle of breaking glass — and my spectacles went toppling to the ground in many pieces. A swear-word — unprecedented in my previous history — fell from my lips. Hot coals were heaped upon my myopia, my concentration over Ceramics, my luck in general. And then reason came to the rescue. The first thing in the morning I would have to see the oculist. With things appearing before me as in a fog, how could I hope to carry off the affair of the coming evening successfully?

But the punishment for my unjustified hilarity was not yet accomplished. The oculist next morning informed me that I could not secure a pair of new glasses for at least another day. He had to send to a factory or something. I pleaded; but he was adamant. Crestfallen I departed from his shop. And it was in that state of mind and body, — not only afflicted with nearsightedness, but bowed low with dejection and trembling fear, that I presented myself at the club rooms of the Young Ladies' Sodality of St. Edwin's parish.

THE door was opened to me and I stumbled in, falling flat over a step that I had not seen. When I arose to my feet, I almost fell flat again. At least two hundred young ladies were lined up in a semi-circle around the large hall, facing the door; and as soon as I had regained my feet they began to clap their hands. They were a blur before me, a sea of confused faces, an ocean of waves and curls and manicured hair, a mill of variegated dresses and gowns. I could distinguish the faces at a distance, not being entirely blind, but little else. However, it was not so much my lack of vision that disturbed me. It was my situation. I thought I would meet but a few of the young

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ladies; here I was in the midst of what appeared to be a thousand. Should I retreat? No. I could not do that. I was in and the door was closed firmly upon me. It was better that I make the best of it, and get away as soon and as gracefully as I could. After all, I was professor of a fine art at the university; I had some dignity to maintain, some ground to stand on. I would not retreat like a coward at the first smell of powder!

The clapping had now ceased. Evidently it was my turn to act. I turned my hat nervously in my hands, ran my dry tongue over my lips, and stammered.

"Good evening. I am very sorry, but I broke my spectacles, and well, there's some little trouble in seeing without them." I tried to smile.

For answer there swam into my vision, close enough so that I could see her well a young woman with red hair. She spoke up, first in chorus with the others, then alone. "Oh dear! That's too bad, Mr. Frimm. Maybe you are not ready for the tests, then?"

"Indeed I am," I answered. "Bring them on and let me at them." In saying that I was attempting to be facetious, for the slangy argot of the times had no place in my vocabulary in my more serious moments. Anyway I felt by now that this was all a big mistake. These girls had no more intention of looking me over as a possible prospect for marriage than they had of making me president of their society. I was to be set up as a means of some merry laughs. Very well then. If that was what they wanted, that was what they would get. I take great pride in my spirit of chivalry. At that moment I had an opportunity of proving it. But my heart was sore beneath it all.

"Is everything ready, Mildred?" called out the red-headed girl.

"Perfectly," responded Mildred from somewhere in the rear.

"Then come with us, Mr. Frimm." Immediately I was surrounded on all sides, and led up to what purported to be a tiny stage. On a table in the center I perceived a large dishpan filled with steaming water. The girls crowded round me in a circle. Then the red-headed one called for silence.

"Girls," she said, "watch closely. This is your big chance." Then to me. "This is the first test. It is the dish-drying test. Mildred here will wash the dishes and you will dry them. For every dish broken you will lose five points. But first of all, let us prepare you." They stripped me of my coat, and tied about my neck a fancy apron. They

rolled up my sleeves. They began to clamor and shout. And then Mildred began to wash.

The first three dishes were done without mishap. But to be truthful I was so flustered that I hardly knew what I was doing. To prove my state of *non compos mentis* I dropped the next dish, a large plate, and it clattered to the floor with a great crash.

"Five off, five off," they all cried out at once, and amidst great laughter wrote down in little books that they held in their hands the score. This was my undoing. I reached for the next dish, but did not realize my proximity to the pan. In a second it was off the table, and the water was sloshing down my trousers.

My face must have been the color of fire, for the more I tried to compose myself, the more the laughter grew. I just stood there like a gawk or a goon. Finally Mildred came to my rescue.

"I think, girls," she said, "that it is time for the second test. You have all seen Mr. Frimm in the kitchen. Let us now depart to another department of the home. Josephine," she called, "bring the socks up here."

I was horror-stricken as there were thrust into my hands a sock with a large hole in the heel, and a needle to which was attached a long piece of thread.

"This," said Mildred, "is easy. All you have to do is darn the sock. We will allow you five minutes." She looked at the watch on her wrist.

I began to darn; but the more I drew the needle through the material, the more tangled the thread became. I would unravel it and start anew. In order to see what I was doing, it was necessary that I hold the whole thing right next to my eyes. It must have been a funny sight, for the laughter grew louder and louder. Some of the girls seemed on the point of falling down in a kind of fit or faint. Others shouted out cries of encouragement. At last in desperation I lunged the needle into what appeared to be a correct spot, only to realize instantaneously that I had lunged it into the thumb on my left hand. I closed my eyes and gritted my teeth. It was not a serious wound, I knew, but I could feel the blood rising to the surface. The needle must have cut quite deep and come very close to the bone if it had not actually touched it. Quickly I put the shattered hand behind my back.

"I am sorry," I said, "but I am afraid I'll have to give this up until I have practiced at it a little longer."

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"All right, Mr. Frimm," answered Mildred, "but there is one more test, and that is to sing a lullaby."

"Oh no," I quickly said. "I really could not. Honestly, I cannot sing a note."

"Oh, yes, you can, Oh, yes, you can," came from all sides of the room. I was not to be let up, apparently, until I had paid the full price for my brazenness in thinking that I could come here and pick out any girl I wanted for my wife. The girls had recognized my pride in my letter; and were for curing it once and for all. Perhaps they counted it a part of their program of Catholic Action. The demand went on. "Just a little lullaby, Mr. Frimm. Just a little lullaby." They "shushed" each other and waited.

I tried to raise my voice in song, but I ended with a kind of croak. This was the worst of all. In my embarrassment I took my hand from behind my back to mop my brow. What appeared on my face must have been startling, for the next moment there was a girl at my side clinging to my arm. "Oh, you're bleeding," she said. Then turning to the others she cried indignantly. "Now see what you've done with your foolishness. I wasn't in favor of this from the beginning, and I'm less in favor of it now than ever. A joke is a joke but this has gone too far entirely. Look at his finger! You've tortured him until he's actually bleeding. How could you be so cruel!" She took her handkerchief and carefully wrapped it around my thumb.

"Don't be silly, Marie," a voice called out. "He's not hurt."

"He's hurt enough, all right—in more ways than one. And it's going to come to an end right now." She took a firmer grip on my arm and steered me from the hall into the fresh air outside. For the first time in an hour I breathed freely.

That all happened just a year ago yesterday.

MARIE is still sitting on the arm of my chair. I can now put down my pen and look up at her. What did I ever do that I should deserve so beautiful, so wonderful, so angelic a girl for my wife? God is good.

If only I could sell this manuscript now, we could go on our honeymoon. After all we should go on a honeymoon. This is the first anniversary of our wedding. We were married one week ago today.

UNDYING IDEALS (IV)

The virtue of purity, for which the Catholic Church wages an unwearying battle in the modern world, was infinitely ennobled by the shameful tortures inflicted on virgin martyrs in the ages of persecution.

C. DUHART

VERY correctly has Father Felix Kirsch written somewhere that "it has struck sex o'clock in the United States." Sex is the theme of ninety per cent of the novels and short stories rolling interminably from the presses of the country and of the movies which pour out of Hollywood.

Much has been spoken and written on the subject of sex which is sound and sensible; but much has been spoken and written which is nonsensical and destructive. To this latter class belongs the doctrine that purity of morals is impossible, that integrity in the relations between the sexes is not only not possible, but even undesirable. No one need search beyond his own personal acquaintances to detect the falsity of this doctrine.

But personal lapses in matters of purity have led many to stress unduly the difficulties of being chaste. And the whole weight of a depraved propaganda is being exerted to prove that chastity of life is hardly even desirable and scarcely an ideal worth striving to reach.

In this matter, as in so many others, the example of the early Christian martyrs furnishes an ideal, whose nobility cannot fail to spur laggards on to imitation. To understand what terrible torture they underwent to protect the precious pearl of their purity is to give a clearer conception of the worth of this priceless jewel.

WE COME to describe a fact, which, if it was the only indictment against the Roman Empire, would be sufficient to condemn that pagan civilization to the uttermost depths of hell. It shows perhaps more than any other single fact, the foulness, the consummate immorality of the pagan mind. When we hear Christian women told by officials of the highest power in the land, that they must either sacrifice to the gods, or find themselves condemned to the house of prostitution, then we have witnessed a state of affairs which cried out to heaven for the vengeance that God was preparing for pagan Rome.

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The truth of this fact is attested by undeniable evidence. We might possibly grant that all of the Acts relating such stories are not equally authentic, but when so many of the Acts, some surely authentic documents, mention them, supported by the testimony of the Fathers, we can have no grounds for maintaining that these horrors were added by later narrators to make the plight of their heroines more touching.

In the year 217, Tertullian wrote: "The whole world renders homage to that virtue which ranks first in our esteem, when it tortures women by defilement rather than by death; confessing thus that our women prize virtue more than life."

St. Cyprian speaks in a similar vein some forty-five years later, when he consoles the Christians for their losses sustained in the pestilence of 262: "Now our Christian virgins are in peace, in glory — now they cease to dread the menace of Anti-Christ and places of shame."

Eusebius in the fourth century writes that the virtue of Christian women became the sport of persecutors: many were condemned to houses of prostitution: some escaped by death, and he names them. The same fact is attested by Sts. John Chrysostom, Ambrose, and Augustine.

We would willingly pass over such a sordid subject, but to do so would be to rob these heroic Christian women of the shining glory which is their due, and ourselves of examples of Christian virtue, which cannot fail to be a real spur to imitation. From out the mire and filth of pagan immorality shines forth the pure virtue of these women, as so many glittering diamonds and sparkling jewels. The "jewel of virtue" was no mere metaphor in their case, and we wonder why the pagan judges failed to catch the contrast and to realize the value of the gems exhibited before their very eyes.

PERHAPS nowhere else can we find so complete a vindication of Christian virtue than in the words of the Roman judges themselves. Ordinarily, when all tortures had failed to move the constancy of these strong women and tender maidens, they had recourse to their trump card — the threat of violation. Somehow or other, they had conceived the notion that once violated, women would be excluded from the Christian communion. They argued in this way: "Either she will submit to sacrifice through hatred of sin, or she will passively submit to

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the shame. In either case, she will be barred from the ranks of Christianity." The answer of the woman Theodora to the prefect of Egypt points out the fallacy in the pagan argument: "I believe that thou art not ignorant of this: God sees our hearts, and one thing only He considers in us, the firm will of remaining chaste. Hence, if thou constrainest me to be outraged, I will suffer that it be so. I am ready to deliver up my body over which power is given thee; but God alone has power over my soul."

Her argument was that though violence might overcome the resistance of her body, no constraint could force the citadel of her will and that in such cases God regarded only the constancy of the will.

Now for one or two accounts of this mode of moral torture. In the Acts of Didymus and Theodora, the judge shows the policy of the Roman Emperors: "The Emperors have commanded that you who are virgins either sacrifice to the gods or be brought to a house of prostitution." Throughout the trial he continued to repeat this threat, but Theodora only prayed to God, protesting that she had preserved her virginity until the present moment, and now she placed her chastity in the hands of the Lord. She told the judge that though he had power over her body, still he could not force the citadel of her heart and will, to lead her into sin. Finally she was led to the house of ill-fame, where she prayed God to free her from this house of prostitution as once He had aided Peter when he was in prison. Her prayer was heard. Among the crowd surrounding her was a Christian dressed in military garb, who, pressing through the crowd as one of them, gained their leave to speak to her in private. He told her he was sent by God to save her, and bade her change into the clothes he had brought with him. In the garb of a soldier she was able to leave the place in safety. Later the Christian who had protected his sister in faith was made to pay the penalty of his bravery with death. At the last moment Theodora came to join him, and was decapitated with him.

The Passion of St. Theodotus and his companions relates a somewhat similar story. Seven virgins had been put to the torture without faltering in their constancy in the least. The magistrate had recourse to his trump card and ordered them handed over to depraved youths to be violated. When about to suffer this dishonor, they fell on their knees and prayed the divine assistance in tears and supplications. They pleaded their age, their infirmities, their tortured bodies, representing it would

be no gain to violate them—spoke of their bodies soon to be devoured by wild birds—called to the minds of these youths their own mothers—spoke of the hope of the grace of Jesus Christ for them if they would spare them—in fine called upon everything which their distracted grief and imminent danger could lead them to invoke in order to be saved from this violation. Finally, the youths, compassionating the virgins, departed. Meanwhile, the martyr Theodotus had been praying for them lest they fall in the contest. In the midst of his prayers, he received the news that the virgins had consummated their sacrifice by drowning.

WE MIGHT ask the further question whether such tortures were ordered by edicts. It seems improbable, at least for the first three centuries, but even then, the magistrates had choice of punishment, and discovering that a sentence to violation was more severe than any flaming torch or sharp-edged sword could be, liberally made use of this weapon in their treatment of women. Evidently, however, as can be seen from some of the Acts, the magistrates later definitely received command from the Emperors to make use of the threat and actual condemnation to the brothel.

For the first few centuries, it seems probable that only virgins and not married women were called upon to choose between apostacy and shame. With Diocletian, bent on extermination of the Christians by any means, even this distinction between virgins and married women disappeared. Every Christian woman then lived under the constant fear of the ignominy which threatened her at every moment of her life.

Was this punishment ever actually carried out? Many accounts tell us of martyrs preserved by the respect they inspired or by an act of divine intervention. This happened in the two stories related above. We also know the traditional story of St. Agnes, protected by an angel sent to her by God. But there are historical grounds for believing that not all maidens were quite so fortunate, that some were actually subjected to this saddest and most terrible of all fates. A book "Concerning the True Integrity of a Virgin," wrongly ascribed to St. Basil, states that some were saved by their heavenly spouse, but that there were others who were violated, and who yet remained faithful to Him to Whom their soul was faithful.

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If this is so, then we are brought face to face with a torture, compared to which all others must fade into insignificance. What wonderful, what extraordinary, what sublime constancy and what shining and brilliant purity which could resist all these allurements to sin! What astounding vigilance to keep watchful guard over the will lest it yield even for a moment! We cannot but feel that there is a special crown of glory for those who were subjected to this greatest of all sufferings. But we must not forget that God was there constantly with His strong grace and paternal solicitude.

What suffering did the danger of violation cause Christian women? Gather together all the awful torments of the burning, the cruel agony of the rack, the stinging pain of the scourge, the intense torture of the knife, the boiling lead, the pincers, and still you will not have the equal of what a threat to their virtue caused these Christian women! Their own actions prove this beyond fear of contradiction. Whenever they saw a loophole for escape from such a sentence, they seized it, even at the cost of the greatest tortures and death. We must recognize that in this they were following the inspiration of the Holy Ghost.

In Egypt, the slave Potamiana, after having been cruelly tortured, was threatened with a life of ignominy. The martyr reflected a moment, and then burst out in a tirade of mockery and abuse against the pagan gods. Enraged at what he deemed blasphemy, the judge ordered her plunged into a cauldron of boiling pitch then and there.

At Gaza, a Christian woman was condemned to a life of shame by the prefect Firmilian, an infamous tool of Maximin Daja. While the sentence was being read, the woman cried out against the cruelty and wickedness of the prefect, calling him a most unworthy administrator of justice. In a fit of rage, the magistrate ordered her whipped cruelly and torn with nails, and finally had her burned alive in company with another woman who had ventured to protest at sight of her sufferings. But that blazing fire was nothing compared to the flaming shame which had burned within her at the thought of the destiny prepared for her. How eagerly she chose the former in order to quench the latter!

AGainst the doctrines of those self-styled intellectuals who say that purity of life is impossible and even undesirable, right-thinking men and women, boys and girls will set the example of these

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Christian martyrs. They will understand that with God's grace and the protection of the Blessed Virgin Mary, purity is possible even in the midst of the vilest temptations, and they will set high in their scale of values the possession of purity of soul and body.

A Carpenter in a Pulpit

Mr. Einstein now admits that the idea of a personal God has a certain value because it can be grasped by undeveloped minds. But, of course, there is no such reality for the man of education. He says: "In their struggle for the ethical good teachers of religion must have the stature to give up the doctrine of a personal God; that is, give up the source of fear and hope which in the past has placed such a vast power in the hands of the priests." It is a shame that a man who does not know what he is talking about should go on talking anyway. If a priest were to broadcast an announcement to the papers as to the impossibility of the Einstein theory, we might rightly expect the tolerant smile of Mr. Einstein. Rightly we can say that few priests are experts in that branch of knowledge. Priests are theologians, not scientists. In like manner, Mr. Einstein can expect the smile of theologians. Mr. Einstein is by no means a theologian nor a philosopher. He is a scientist whose only concern is the thing that comes before the senses. Would that Mr. Einstein might remain with those things about which he can intelligently speak without making a fool of himself.

Suicide Rates

Paganism makes people cowards, and the highest proof of cowardice is suicide. There are some 60 million practical pagans in the United States, so there is a high rate of suicide.

Between 1920 and 1938, 300,000 persons took their own lives in this country. That comes to an average of some 17,000 a year. The number went up and down according to the material prosperity or depression of a particular year, showing that there are plenty of people looking for a heaven on earth created by money and who, failing to find it, look for a tenth story window from which to jump. It is also a little more than significant that in 1938, Nevada, the gathering place of pleasure sated husbands and wives seeking second, third, or fourth divorces, had the highest suicide rate of the 48 states.

LOVE ON DEMAND (III)

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters: Eligible John Harrington has determined to lead a non-Catholic girl, first into the Catholic Church and then to the altar. He meets one who is very attractive, but very active in her own church. Through her he meets a second girl who seems ripe for conversion but is very unattractive. He has made a date with the latter to talk about religion.

D. F. MILLER

ONE of the surest ways of finding out how subject is man to trends of events over which he has no control, is to determine on a certain course of future action without a full knowledge of all that it implies. So thought John Harrington as he sat at his desk the day following the Young Folks' Christian Effort meeting, supposed to be working out financial problems for his clients. There was one problem uppermost in his mind, and it was not financial. It was the problem of how to extricate himself from the effects of his own foolhardiness and at the same time remain faithful to his promises and ideals.

To the meeting with Lucille Terry, scheduled for eight o'clock that evening, he looked forward with apprehension. He was looking forward to everything with apprehension these days. This time he was worried about two things. One was how he could save his face when he had to tell Lucille that he had been playing the part of a deceiver, that he had been previously afraid to reveal that he was a Catholic. The other worry was equally selfish: what about Anita, if he let himself be drawn into a strong personal relationship with the unprepossessing Lucille? Around eleven o'clock in the morning he decided to quit thinking about the whole business and get some of his work done.

It was eight o'clock almost exactly when he pulled up at Lucille's home. The evening was one of those warm, quiet, friendly evenings, when it is difficult to feel out of sorts no matter what the provocation. Accordingly, John felt pretty good as he rang the door-bell. He felt righteous and complacent; after all, he was doing something worth while, and at the cost of a strain on his own feelings. But he was not prepared for what was coming.

A younger sister of Lucille, about twelve years old, opened the door and admitted him. She was eating peanut brittle and giggling furiously

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as she told him that Lucille was expecting him, and John interpreted rather than heard what she said. After looking him over from top to toe, she turned and called shrilly, through the peanut brittle and all: "Lu-cee-ee-ille!" After that she dashed from the room.

In a moment John heard Lucille's step as she came down the stairs. The thought flashed through his mind: "Anyway, plain girls don't have to keep a man waiting." Then she came into the room, and all his anticipations went flying into thin air.

For an instant he did not even recognize her. There was a complete and thorough transformation. Her formerly stringy hair was fluffed out by some magical process into a profusion of not too orderly curls that crept out from beneath a little doodad of a hat that sat on her head at the pert angle he had seen demonstrated in the windows of the most fashionable women's hat shops. The atrocious spectacles were gone, and in their place was a pair that, well, that seemed just right for a girl to wear. Her complexion was no longer sallow, and yet John could not have sworn, had he not known, that it was artificially reconstructed. She wore a neat little dress of some light charming nameless shade of color that bespoke youth and femininity in every line.

John did not actually gasp his surprise, but he did abandon the reserved form of greeting he had expected to use. With a frankly incredulous smile, he held out his hand and said:

"Hello-o-o." His inflection spoke volumes. "You're very beautiful tonight."

"Thank you," said Lucille, in a matter of fact way. She was well capable of noticing his surprise and explaining away its cause without in the least seeming apologetic or offensive. "I had a little time to get ready this evening. Last night I worked over time and went right to the meeting from the office. I'm a librarian, doing index and file work in a back room of the downtown library. Just at present we're supposed to check on all the old books in the place."

"That sounds very interesting," said John.

"It is," agreed Lucille, as John took her by the arm and led her to his car, "if you can stand the accumulated dust and dirt of years."

"I can imagine what that is," said John. "Well, where to?"

"Might I suggest," answered Lucille, "a dash through the country? My lungs are just begging for a chance to breathe in the open spaces. And the evening is so perfect it would be a shame to waste it by going indoors for any purpose."

"I'm a hundred per cent with you," said John enthusiastically. He turned the car toward the outskirts of the city and Lucille relaxed in her seat and began to breathe deeply. Neither spoke for several blocks, and then it was John who opened a conversation.

"I want to tell you something," he said a little nervously, as they pulled out on to a broad highway and the houses and shops became fewer and fewer, "before we talk. We made a date to talk about religion. Maybe you won't want to keep it when I've had my say."

Lucille looked at him momentarily, and then set her gaze back on the road before her without a word.

"I should have said this last night, but it stuck in my throat for some reason or other. You see, I'm a Catholic — always have been, always will be. And I let you say things that you probably would not have said, had you known."

Lucille's first reaction was one of perplexity. "But," she said, "you were at — you attended the meeting —"

"Yes, I know," explained John. "I was drawn into that. I hadn't even told Anita what I was — in fact had only met her once. When she described her work to me I expressed my interest in it. Then when she asked me to come to the meeting I did not feel that I could refuse."

Lucille laughed lightly. "You were a victim of circumstances, and —" this coyly, "shall I add — of the charms of Anita?"

"Put it that way if you want," said John, not too graciously.

THEY said nothing for a while. Darkness was falling rapidly now. It was very warm, but the speed of the car created a refreshing and cooling breeze. Now and then they passed a tavern or an eating place, with red and blue and green neon signs casting their eerie glow across the pavement. Mostly they were in the open country, the noise of the car blending with the monotonous drone of a world full of vociferous insects. Finally Lucille said:

"It's too beautiful and restful out here to allow any hard feelings to break the spell. I'll forgive you. Some day I may have to ask for your forgiveness. Shall we start all over?"

"Let's," said John.

"And I think," added Lucille, "we ought to put off discussing serious things for another occasion. Let's just enjoy this evening."

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An uncomfortable feeling, almost indiscernible, crept into John's heart. Could there be anything in the back of Lucille's mind, not contained in her words? He pushed the thought and the feeling down as unworthy and answered:

"I guess you're right. Let's go on to Silver Lake, have a bite to eat at the club there, and then turn about for home."

Coincidence is one of those things that makes life interesting, and, let it be added, sometimes frighteningly complicated. There were hundreds of traffic lights in the city in which John lived. Half the time these lights were green, and the drivers sped through without looking to right or left. Out of thirty or forty cars that would stop waiting for a red light to change, only two or three cars would be near the intersection. Figure it out any way you want, and you would have to say the chances were a hundred to one against any such happening as seemed fated to transpire.

On the trip home from Silver Lake, John and Lucille had talked about many things. About books and authors, about their particular fields of work, about politics and the war,—everything except religion. At the first major traffic light they met after entering the city, John's car was first in line as the light clicked off the green and turned to red. He slid the car to a stop in the outside lane, and there, standing on the curb with another girl, was Anita Merriam.

There were little cries of recognition and greeting between Lucille and Anita. There was an agitated "hello" escaping from deep down in the throat of John. There was a quick exchange of questions between the girls, and before John knew it and before the light had changed back to green, there were three girls instead of one crowded beside him in his two-seated car. The strange girl was next to John; Anita was perched on Lucille's lap.

John muttered something half under his breath to the effect that "it was against the law — having four in a seat." Then he felt ashamed of himself and added blusteringly: "But just let any cop try to stop me. I'll show him."

MEANWHILE introductions were being formally made. After the strange girl had been introduced, there was a sudden pause in the colloquy. Almost everyone has experienced what happened: when you meet a person under strained circumstances, it is easy enough to

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say the "hello's" and "how are you's" but further than that it is hard to think of anything to say. So now. John felt that Anita would be wondering why he had been taking out Lucille, Anita was wondering just that, and Lucille was wondering what Anita was thinking about her. And so for a noticeable space of time, nobody said anything.

It was Anita who diverted everybody from their thoughts by beginning to talk about the stranger in their midst, the girl whose name was Mary Kelly.

"Mary and I," she said blithely, "have been at a shower. One of the girls at the office — Mary and I work together — is getting married next week, and the whole office force turned out to help her set up housekeeping."

"That was nice," said John.

"And we had the most interesting time," continued Anita, "didn't we, Mary? You see, we got talking about religion."

John groaned inwardly. Here it was again. This subject, that once upon a time he had dreamed of going about teaching others with the utmost abandon, was cropping up everywhere. He could not escape it if he tried. And every time it came up it got him into another mess. What now? he asked of himself.

"Mary," Anita prattled on, "is a Catholic. I knew that before, but we never got talking about it until tonight. We really let down our hair and discussed things we had all thought about for a long time."

"It *was* interesting," put in Mary Kelly, with a comfortable little chuckle. "I never realized how many strange ideas people have about us Catholics. I hope I succeeded in straightening some of them out. Did I, Anita?"

"Yes. In fact you gave me a new slant entirely. We're going to talk about it often now."

A mixture of new emotions took possession of John. So Mary Kelly was a Catholic. She was seated right next to him. She was like himself, in her beliefs, her practices, her outlook on life. He felt drawn to her as if she was a long lost pal. But he was also thinking of whether he should say anything to Anita about himself, whether Lucille would say anything. Anita was continuing to talk about the evening's discussion, and John settled his own problem by evasion as usual.

"By the way," he interposed, "where am I supposed to go?"

"Oh," answered Anita quickly, "I must get home. I'll be like a rag

at work tomorrow. Drop me off first, please. You're just a few blocks away now."

John feebly suggested that they all go some place for refreshments, but Anita, with a delicate sense of the situation, overruled him. She insisted on being taken home. Just before she got out of the car, John took her hand to say good-bye and said, a trifle sheepishly: "I'll be calling you up one of these days." Anita said nothing, and in the dark John was not able to read her features.

Lucille's home was not far from Anita's, and she too urged John to take her there while he was near. As she got out of the car she whispered familiarly: "You'll call me whenever you are ready for that talk, won't you."

"Certainly," answered John. "It will be soon. Good-bye."

MARY KELLY was left. Mary Kelly, the Catholic. A new wave of relief swept over John as he put the car into gear. He felt almost as he had felt the night before when he finally escaped from the Young Folks Christian Effort meeting. A great urge to do something came over him.

"Listen, Miss Mary Kelly," he said, "or rather, just Mary, you're not to tell me yet where you live. You are not going home right away. You and I are going down town and have a sandwich and something to drink. You're the first Catholic girl I've had in my car in ages. You see, I'm a Catholic too. I feel like celebrating the event. What say?"

Mary laughed comfortably. "If that's the way you feel. I'm willing. Just lead the way."

(To be continued)

Ballad

The knot was tied; the pair was wed,
And then the smiling bridegroom said
Unto the preacher, "Shall I pay
To you the usual fee today,
Or would you have me wait a year
And give you then a hundred clear,
If I should find the married state
As happy as I estimate?"
The preacher lost no time in thought,
To his reply no study brought,
There were no wrinkles on his brow,
He said, "I'll take \$3.00 now."

— Anon.

Catholic Anecdotes ~~~~~

A SENSE OF VALUES

A FRIEND once called on Dorothy Mendolsohn Schlegel, and found her busily engaged in making shirts for the poor.

"Why do you waste your time in such humble pursuits," the friend said, scornfully, "when with your education and your brilliant mind you should be contributing to the periodicals and writing books. You should be plying not a needle, but a pen."

"I have often been told that there are too many books in the world," was the quiet reply, "but never have I been told that there are too many shirts."

FAREWELL TO A MOTHER

DURING the Spanish revolution, all the Benedictine monks of the abbey of El Pueyo in Catalonia were taken prisoner by the Communists. After many days in prison, during which they were mistreated despicably, they were aroused early one morning and led out to a cemetery in the outskirts of the city where they had been imprisoned.

As the Prior, Dom Maurus Palazuelos, walked along between the guards, his hands tied behind his back, he kept on crying out to the others: "Courage, Sursum Corda. Suffering is short, joy eternal," in spite of the insults and blows of the guards. At one point he asked the favor of being allowed to say good-bye to his mother. He turned towards the monastery of El Pueyo, which was dedicated to our Lady, and began to sing a hymn of salutation and farewell to the Blessed Virgin. The guards threw themselves at him, telling him he had permission to greet his mother and not the Virgin. He replied: "Don't you know that the Virgin of Heaven is my Mother?" As he continued his hymn, the leader of the guards thrust a revolver into his mouth and shot him. Then all the other monks were put to death in the cemetery.

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Months later the assassin who had killed the prior confessed to a Catholic lady that he had not had one moment's peace since he had perpetrated the crime. "I cannot," he said, "sleep two nights in the same house; I am constantly seeing his eyes before me; I cannot bear it."

— *C. V. Service.*

CURE FOR QUARRELS

A WOMAN, so the story runs, came to a wise man and complained that her husband often beat her.

"I have just the thing to remedy your situation," the wise man said. "Take this bottle of water which is noted for its marvellous remedial qualities. When you see that your husband is about to beat you, take a mouthful of this water, and keep it in your mouth until the danger is passed."

The woman went home, and after some time came back to the wise man, loud in her praises of the cure he had prescribed.

"My supply of this marvellous water is exhausted," she said. "Will you please give me some more?"

"That will not be necessary," said the wise man. "The water from your well will do just as nicely. The important thing is not the kind of water you use, but the fact that the water in your mouth prevents you from using your tongue."

WORK OF MERCY

CARDINAL BELLARMINE once visited the home of a private gentleman. In the hall he saw some artistic creations which somewhat offended his modesty.

"My friend," Bellarmine said when the gentleman appeared, "I have come to ask you to do a work of charity."

"Certainly," was the answer. "What is it you have in mind?"

"To clothe the naked," said the Cardinal, pointing to the objectionable pictures, "and these are the naked ones whom I mean."

Pointed Paragraphs

Month of Happiness

October is dedicated to the devotion called the rosary. This means that despite war and famine, despite fears and forebodings, October is a month of great joy.

It can be proved to the hilt that Mary's presence, in prophecy, in real life and in the hearts of people, has always been the beginning of joy. Even, at times, this has meant a change from the deepest depression and sorrow human hearts could know.

In prophecy, Mary's name brought joy to Adam and Eve in Eden, in the moment of their greatest despair. After they had been condemned to sorrow and toil and death and driven from paradise, God spoke to Satan: "I will put enmity between thee and the woman, between thy seed and her seed; she shall crush thy head; thou shalt lie in wait for her heel." The words tore through their despair; dissipated the utter gloom of their departure from the garden of all delight.

In real life, Mary brought joy to the whole world when, after the announcement of the archangel Gabriel that she was to be the Mother of the Redeemer, she said: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done unto me according to thy word." So great has been that joy that three times every day in every Church throughout the world the bells peal out and the faithful pause to whisper Mary's words: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done unto me according to thy word."

In the hearts of the people, Mary's presence has created joy in every nation and every age in which she has been honored. The sad England of today was once merry England — when in every city and every church and every family she was honored as peerless queen. Sick rooms have been happy rooms; poor homes have been happy homes; bereaved hearts have been comfort-filled hearts, when Mary was present in a place of honor.

October therefore is the month of happiness. It is the month in which wars will cease, and joy return to the world, if only Mary is permitted to come back through the universal recitation of the rosary again.

What Books to Read

Dr. Mortimer Adler wrote an excellent book recently on How to Read a Book. What we need now is a method of finding out what books to read, among the thousands dumped on the market by publishers whose standards are confined to the literary and lucrative, and highly touted by reviewers whose criteria are innocent of any relation to objective truth and morality.

Dr. Adler himself has provided a reading list of classics. We do not doubt his claim that the list, thoroughly digested, would provide an education for any reader. But the list has many unnecessary titles of books that are on the index; and secondly, it will be rejected by many who would distinctly say that they do not read to obtain an education.

Such people usually have a wild desire to read every book that is being talked about on a large scale. Such books are frequently unfit for reading because they either misrepresent truth or because they are occasions of sin.

How can one know? That is a question that is not being adequately answered. Informed advice on new books that are creating a stir usually comes to Catholics too late to be of service. That is why we believe that a movement started in Washington last winter should be taken up throughout the land. The movement inaugurated a series of public book reviews, in which an analysis of current best-sellers was given. It benefited not only those who attended, but those who came in touch with the publicity the meetings received as well.

Thus the public was made acquainted with the true value of books like Asch's *The Nazarene*, Seldes' *The Catholic Crisis*, Gunther's *Inside Europe*, and others. Only authoritative thinkers like Rev. Wilfred Parsons, and Msgr. Ready, etc., were permitted to give the reviews.

For Catholic societies and fraternities interested in Catholic Action, here is a work to sponsor in their own locality that will bear abundant fruit.

Adopting Children

Those Americans are to be commended who are offering their homes as refuge for the poor children of England who are in the danger zone during these frightful days of dive bombers and machine-gunning from the air. "Suffer the little ones to come to Me," said Our Lord. He *wanted* the children to come to Him even though He had His hands full with a hundred different and serious tasks that He desired to accomplish. People who want little children to come to them are indeed following in the footsteps of the Master.

But sometimes we are inclined to wonder at the willingness shown by certain people in reaching out their hands to accept children from a foreign land. One could visit any large city in the United States and find living in the streets or in what are just as bad, slum tenements, hundreds of children — American children, who have never known from the moment of their birth what a real home is. The love and affection of parents are as foreign to them as is luxury. No one seems to care whether they live or die, whether they eat or starve, where they go and what they do.

Besides that, one could visit a thousand orphanages and behold again innumerable American children who have never known the happiness of a real home. They may be receiving the best of care and attention. But mere care and attention do not constitute a home.

Why then this sudden interest in orphan children? And especially in children from another country?

We certainly commend, as we said, the charity that is being shown in this fine work. But we cannot help but comment at the same time on the topsy-turvydom of our way of doing things. We neglect our own children in order that we may provide for the children of others. We do not have children of our own in order that we may supply a home for other people's children.

The real charity would be to help our own as well as other people's children — but especially our own.

The Rediscovery of America

We wonder if, when Columbus discovered America, he intended to discover it for:

Armament makers who make armaments in order to become rich through their operations.

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Bunds and *bunders* who love a foreign country more than they love the country from which they receive the favors of freedom.

Industrialists and business men who think that their services are worth thousands of dollars and the services of their workers worth next to nothing.

Race suiciders who believe that a strong country can be built on personal selfishness.

Picture magazines that keep up their circulation by vivid pictures of non-entities and dogmatic assertions about facts and events about which they least of all can be dogmatic.

Novelists who think that the only interesting things of life are the vulgar and the obscene.

Divorcers and divorcees who cannot take it.

Political bosses who in the name of discovery, steal more brazenly than the brigands of old.

Hollywood, that — but what's the use in saying anything about that awful blot that mars our shores?

The first ship of the fleet of Columbus was named the Santa Maria — Holy Mary. It is an indication that Columbus had placed his dangerous work of discovery in the hands of the Mother of God.

No man in his right senses could call the America of today Mary's land. No man with any discernment at all could behold in America those virtues that characterized the life of Mary.

It is high time that America be rediscovered.

Punctuality at Mass

Habitual late-comers to Mass and church services fall into one of three classes. We are not speaking of those who come late once in a great while, because there can be a thousand and one reasons for an occasional lapse. But those who almost always come in well after the priest is at the altar, fall into one of these classes:

1) *The unpunctual in everything.* Some people are incorrigible putterers. They have never learned to organize their time so that they can do the right things at the right time. They come late to social events, to business engagements, to meetings with friends, and so, inevitably, to church. Only a pretty thorough self-going-over will change this slovenly habit which has been acquired.

2) *The unpunctual because of indifference to Mass and church services.* These differ sharply from the first class because about the

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only event they come late for is an event in church. And they get into the habit of coming late there because of a half-conscious boredom that they experience in church. If they ever really analyzed it, they would hear themselves saying: "Mass and church services are tedious and long. I can spare myself part of that tediousness by coming late." Usually such late-comers are among those who dash out of church before services are over as if pursued by a demon or called by an urgent appeal of charity or a sudden attack of illness — to stand around on a street corner doing nothing when they have made their escape.

3) *The unpunctual for publicity reasons.* To this class belong the fewest in number, but their crass motives make them worthy of special note. They come late on principle, because it gives them a chance to display themselves before others by walking down the aisle of a church already full. Supreme egotism is their motive, and they are unaware that the opposite of what they seek is usually attained, viz., that people look down upon rather than up to them when they walk into church — late as usual.

Don't be a late-comer — on principle or for any other reason.

Insubordination

Chesterton used to say that this is the age of young people, by which he meant to say that this is the age when young people have become the rulers instead of the ruled. Parents must bow and bend to their children, as though the children were vested with parental authority instead of the parents. Chesterton knew whereof he spoke.

Recently we heard a fond mother say that she didn't know whether she would send her eight year old boy to the Catholic school or not this September because the little boy did not want to go to the Catholic school.

A sad state of affairs it is when an eight year old boy or a fourteen year old boy or girl can tell mother and father what to do and what not to do and get away with it. It is a sign of woeful weakness on the part of modern parents. It is a sign of an utter lack of understanding on the part of parents as to the meaning of parenthood, its rights and responsibilities. To refuse to send a child to a Catholic grade school or high school merely because the child does not want to go, and for no other reason, is to commit a serious sin of disobedience against the Church.

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EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART

The devotion of all devotions is love for Jesus Christ, and frequent meditation on the love which this amiable Redeemer has borne and still bears to us.

From:
Novena to
the Sacred
Heart

A devout author laments, and most justly, the sight of so many persons who pay much attention to the practice of various devotions, but neglect this; and of many preachers and confessors, who say a great many things, but speak little of love for Jesus Christ: whereas love for Jesus Christ ought to be the principal, indeed the only, devotion of a Christian; and therefore the only object and care of preachers and confessors towards their hearers and penitents ought to be to recommend to them constantly, and to inflame their hearts with, the love of Jesus Christ. This neglect is the reason why souls make so little progress in virtue, and remain grovelling in the same defects, and even frequently relapse into grievous sins, because they take but little care, and are not sufficiently admonished to acquire the love of Jesus Christ, which is that golden cord which unites and binds the soul to God.

For this sole purpose did the Eternal Word come into this world, to make Himself loved: *I am come to cast fire upon the earth, and what will I but that it be kindled?* And for this purpose also did the Eternal Father send Him into the world in order that He might make known to us His love, and thus obtain ours in return: and He protests that He will

love us in the same proportion as we love Jesus Christ: *For the Father Himself loveth you, because you have loved Me.* Moreover, He gives us His graces as far as we ask for them in the name of His Son: *If you ask the Father anything in My name, He will give it you.* And He will admit us to the eternal beatitude in so far only as He finds us conformable to the life of Jesus Christ: *For whom He foreknew, He also predestinated to be made conformable to the image of His Son.* But we shall never acquire this conformity, nor even ever desire it, if we are not attentive to meditate upon the love which Jesus Christ has borne to us.

For this same purpose it is related in the life of Saint Margaret Mary Alacoque, a nun of the order of the Visitation, that our Saviour revealed to this His servant His wish that in our times the devotion and feast of His Sacred Heart should be established and propagated in the Church, in order that devout souls should by their adoration and prayer make reparation for the injuries His Heart constantly receives from ungrateful men when He is exposed in the Sacrament upon the Altar. It is also related in the life of the same venerable Sister, written by the learned Monseigneur Languet, Bishop of Sens, that while this devout virgin was one day praying before the Most Holy Sacrament, Jesus Christ showed her His Heart surrounded by thorns, with a cross on the top and in a throne of flames; and then He said to her: "Behold the Heart that

has so much loved men, and has spared nothing for the love of them, even to consuming Itself and to give them pledges of Its love, but which receives from the majority of men no other recompense but ingratitude, and insults towards the Sacrament of love; and what grieves Me most is, that these hearts are consecrated to Me." And then He desired her to use her utmost endeavors in order that a feast should be celebrated in honor of His divine Heart on the first Friday after the Octave of Corpus Christi. And this for three reasons: 1) In order that the faithful should return thanks to Him for this great gift which He has left them in the adorable Eucharist; 2) In order that loving souls should make amends by their prayers and pious affections for the insults and irreverences which He has received and still receives from sinners in this Most Holy Sacrament; 3) In order that they might make up also for the honor which He does not receive in so many churches where He is so little adored and revered. And He promised that He would make the riches of His Sacred Heart abound towards those who should render Him this honor, both on the day of this feast, and on every other day when they should visit Him in the Most Holy Sacrament.

This devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ is nothing more than an exercise of love towards this amiable Saviour. But as to the principal object of this devotion, the *spiritual* object is the love with which the Heart of Jesus Christ is inflamed towards men, because love is generally attributed to the heart, as we read in many

places of Scripture: My Son, give Me thy heart. *My heart and my flesh have rejoiced in the living God. The God of my heart, and the God that is my portion forever. The charity of God is poured forth in our hearts by the Holy Ghost who is given to us.* But the material or sensible object is the most Sacred Heart of Jesus, not taken separately by Itself, but united to His sacred Humanity, and consequently to the divine Person of the Word.

This devotion in the course of a short time has been so extensively propagated, that besides having been introduced into many convents of holy virgins, there have been about four hundred confraternities erected of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, established with the authority of the Prelates in France, in Savoy, in Flanders, in Germany, in Italy, and even in many heathen countries; and these confraternities have also been enriched by the Holy See with many indulgences, and also with the faculty of erecting chapels and churches with the title of the Sacred Heart, as appears from the Brief of Clement X, in the year 1674, mentioned by Father Eudes in his book, and referred to by Father Gallifet, of the Company of Jesus, in his work on the "Excellence of the Devotion to the Heart of Jesus."

❧ ❧ ❧

The Heart of Jesus is all pure, all holy, all full of love towards God and towards us. Every perfection, every virtue reigns in this Heart. This is the Heart in which God Himself finds all His delight. O amiable Heart of Jesus, Thou dost well deserve the love of all hearts.

Book Reviews

BIOGRAPHY

St. Alphonsus Mary De' Liguori, Founder, Bishop and Doctor (1696-1787). By D. F. Miller, C.Ss.R., and L. X. Aubin, C.Ss.R., 1940. Distributed in the

United States by Redemptorist Fathers, St. Louis, Mo. 388 pages. Price, \$2.00 postpaid.

I remember with what pleasure I read Father Castle's translation and adaptation of Father Berthe's life of Saint Alphonsus. It was the first life of a saint, written in the modern style, which ever fell into my hands. It read like a novel—and would have been supremely interesting, even if the saint did not happen to be the Founder of the Redemptorist Fathers.

But Father Castle's book has long been out of print. Besides it is a bulky two volume work—that would be enough to keep many people from attempting to read it and becoming acquainted with Saint Alphonsus.

Many a writer attempting such a life as that of Saint Alphonsus, could scarcely resist the temptation to enlarge on the history of the times in which he lived. I could not blame him. For if every saint, by reason of his holiness of life and all that that implies in love of God and love of the neighbor, has a deep influence on his times, much more is that true of Saint Alphonsus. But the result of this would be another cumbersome Life.

Fathers Miller and Aubin wisely resisted this temptation, and, while giving us a picture of the times complete enough to understand St. Alphonsus' work, nevertheless kept the book within the limits of ordinary reading capacity and ordinary pocket-books.

The life is modern—in the best sense of that word. There is that fidelity to documentary evidence, that utilization of authentic sources, that restraint in description, that we associate with scientific history. There is that completeness in the delineation of St. Alphonsus' personality, that makes him live again before our minds—with the foibles and the virtues that make up the man striving to reproduce in himself (human as he feels himself)—the life and character of Christ.

Books reviewed here may be ordered through The Liguorian. These comments represent the honest opinion of the reviewers, with neither criticism nor deserving praise withheld.

And this deliberate and sustained striving is enough to convince us of his saintly heroism.

For, in the pages of this book, Saint Alphonsus rises up before us like a real hero—

embattled, beset with difficulties, following a high ideal, planning a great work, time and time again rebuffed and seemingly defeated, yet rising again above all difficulties and finally, even in apparent failure, achieving the work God gave him to do.

To meet such a man is a distinct blessing! It makes our ideals suddenly flare up again. To live with him however, in living companionship as we read the life, is an experience that must leave us uplifted and strengthened in high and noble resolve. Incident upon incident makes his example concrete—it is a life of Saint Alphonsus—not simply another's book about him. As to the make-up of the book—the print is really good and easily readable. The price is surprisingly modest for such a book. It can be procured through THE LIGURIAN, Oconomowoc, Wisconsin.—A. T. Z.

Father Charlie. A Brief Biography of Rev. Charles J. Harrison. C.Ss.R. By Andrew F. Browne, C.Ss.R., 1940. 119 pages. Price, \$1.00 when ordered through THE LIGURIAN.

We talk about a poet's poet, or an artist's artist, meaning thereby that they are such workers in their field that the experts above all can appreciate them. Then there are the poets and artists who are appreciated by the ordinary folks, but who do not appeal to the expert.

Of Father Harrison I am tempted to say, he was a priest's priest—because as a priest, he fascinated me and it was good to be in his company. Yet, when I think of his work for souls, whether on the missions or in the parish,—and when I think of the appreciation all who came under his influence showed for him. I can only say: He was all to all men.

Father Browne knew him well. And it is out of this knowledge that he recalls such intimate details and incidents, that we see and hear again, Father Charlie, as he was called. In the Intro-

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duction, quoting Lionel Johnson, he says:

"All that he came to give,
He gave, and went again;
I have seen one man live,
I have seen one man reign,
With all the graces in his train."

To use a trite saying,—there is more truth than poetry here. I mean, it so well describes his life. He gave all he had—this was characteristic of him: wholesouledness in all he did. He was a man—his life was cast in hard lines—the lines of the cross. He reigned—no word could better describe his unsought influence. And yet—"all graces in his train,"—charm is the only word that described his manly manner.

All this Father Browne excellently calls to mind in this intimate picture of Father Harrison.—A. T. Z.

PAMPHLETS

It's Your Mass Too. By Rev. Hugh Calkins, O.S.M. Published by The Perpetual Novena in Honor of Our Sorrowful Mother, Chicago, Ill. 96 pages. Price, 15 cents.

The purpose of this pamphlet is to interest Catholics in the use of the missal, to help lay-persons find their way in the use of the missal. About twenty pictures of a Mass illustrate the text; there are also several helpful charts and diagrams. There is also a short chapter, "Suggested Readings," which makes a handy list of sources for those who are interested in the study of the Mass. The author, however, it seems to me, has gone beyond his point; in his zeal to spread the use of the missal among the laity, he brought in many little points of instruction, good and useful in themselves, but hardly necessary for an understanding of the missal or the use of it. Again, in the preliminary chapters, I cannot but feel that, in his effort to write in a popular vein, the author has not been too happy in the choice of some expressions and in his manner.—M. S. B.

Memories—1930-1940. Published by Our Sunday Visitor Press, Huntington, Ind. 76 pages. Price: single copy, 25 cents; 100 copies, \$10.00, plus transportation charges.

This is a collection of the radio addresses delivered on March 3, 1940, on the occasion of the tenth anniversary of the Catholic Hour. There are also tributes and congratulatory messages from the Hierarchy, the Radio, and the Press.

Friends of the Catholic Hour will appreciate this souvenir of the first decade of service. *Ad multos annos.*—M. S. B.

The Seven Last Words and the Seven Virtues. By Rt. Rev. Msgr. Fulton J. Sheen. Published by Our Sunday Visitor Press, Huntington, Ind. 72 pages. Price: single copy, 15 cents; 5 copies, 10 cents each.

A Lenten course preached in the Catholic Hour over the NBC network on the Sundays of Lent, 1940. This course was previously reviewed in an earlier issue of THE LIGUORIAN. It is good to see it brought out again in a lower priced volume thus making it available to those who were not able to pay the greater cost of the bound volume. And again we recommend this beautiful course for its practical value and wise considerations.

—M. S. B.

Peace the Fruit of Justice. By Rt. Rev. Msgr. Fulton J. Sheen. Published by Our Sunday Visitor Press, Huntington, Ind. 64 pages. Price: single copy, 10 cents; 5 copies, 8 cents each.

In the first two months of this year, just as the first decade of the Catholic Hour was drawing to a happy close, Msgr. Sheen chose to speak on *Peace*. But to speak of peace, he had to discuss war, the causes of war, and the one only supra-national power in the world that alone can bring real peace to the world. Incidentally he examines our national conscience. His arguments are plain and strong; his language forceful yet charitable. Men must go back to God in private as well as in national life.—M. S. B.

Prayers. By Charles J. McNeill. Published by the Catholic Action Committee, Wichita, Kansas. 56 pages and cover. Price: single copy, 25 cents, lot prices.

This is another in a series of worthwhile Discussion-Club textbooks. Previous texts have been *Altar and Sanctuary*, *Praying the Mass*, *The Liturgical Year*, *The Sacramentals*.

Common, ordinary things are often the least appreciated because they are so common and ordinary. So too with our ordinary regular prayers. Hence the present work of the Catholic Action Committee is both timely and valuable: it discusses in particular the more common forms of prayer,—Our Father, Sign of the Cross, Apostles' Creed; and others, such as the Mass and Office, for the sick and dying; and family prayers.

Lucid Intervals

Professor (to freshman): "When were you born?" Freshman: "On the second of April." Professor: "Late again."

*

Sandy—Here's a ticket to the magician's show tonight, Maggie.

Maggie—Thank ye, Sandy.

Sandy—And Maggie, dear, when he comes to that trick where he takes a teaspoon o' flour and one egg and makes 20 omelettes, watch very close.

*

Mr. Ginsburg had been complaining of insomnia. "Even counting sheep is no good," he sighed to his partner in the clothing business.

"It's only good if you count up to 10,000," replied Mr. Levy. "Try that tonight."

But the next morning Mr. Ginsburg was still complaining. "I didn't sleep a wink," he said. "I counted the whole 10,000 sheep; I sheared 'em; combed the wool; had it spun into cloth . . . made into suits . . . took 'em to Boston . . . and lost \$21 on the deal! I didn't sleep a wink!"

*

Judge—Rastus, do you realize that by leaving your wife you are a deserter? Rastus—Jedge, Ef yo' knowed dat woman like Ah does, yo' wouldn't call me no deserter. Ah's a refugee.

*

Customer—Has this book a love interest?

Book Dealer—Yes, sir.

Customer—Humor?

Book Dealer—Yes, sir.

Customer—Murder? Action? Mystery? Adventure?

Book Dealer—Sorry, sir! Try this dictionary.

*

Jimmy—So Alma told you I was witty, did she?

Tubby—Well, she didn't express it that way. She said she had to laugh every time you opened your mouth.

*

June Bride—Dear, what is the true definition of a groom?

Bridegroom—Why, a groom is a man who takes care of dumb animals.

Dinocan—Did you see that woman? Why, she had a blob of paint on the end of her nose.

Izzard—Well?

Dinocan—Shall we tell her about it?

Izzard—Better not. It might be the latest style.

*

Mother—Now, Joany, why didn't you give your little brother a part of your apple?

Joany—Not me! That was what Eve did to Adam—and she's been criticized ever since!

*

Hardboiled—What are you looking so sheepish about this morning?

Egbert—I couldn't sleep and was countin' 'em all night.

*

Elsie—My husband is an efficiency expert in a large office.

Naomi—What does an efficiency expert do?

Elsie—Well, if we women did it, they would call it nagging.

*

It was dark in the movie house but Mose felt a man's arm steal around the waist of his sweetheart. "Calline," ordered Mose heatedly, "tell dat man on de yutha side t' take his Ahm from yo' wais'."

To which Caroline replied: "Yo' tell him yo'se'f, Mose. He's a puffek strangeh t' me."

*

Charlie—Well, where did you get the new car?

Elsie—I went into that auto dealer's place to 'phone, and I didn't like to come out without buying something.

*

Mrs. Peck (reading)—It says here in the paper that in some parts of Africa a man doesn't know his wife until after he has married her.

Peck (timidly)—Why mention Africa?

*

Milburn—Did you tell your father that I had asked you to marry me?

Sally (sweetly)—Yes.

Milburn—And how was he affected?

Sally—He smiled in a knowing way and then cried: "Brave boy."

LIGUORIAN QUIZ

Those who have read this month's LIGUORIAN will be able to answer the following questions, in any place, at any time:

How many suicides are there in the United States every year? Why do people commit suicide?

Of what use is mortification, since God created the earth and the goodness thereof for the enjoyment of man?

What was the worst and most diabolic torture the pagan Romans inflicted on early Christian girls and women?

Is Westbrook Pegler, the columnist, a wise man and an intelligent writer? Is Dr. Crane?

Why do missionaries, speaking in Catholic parishes, fulminate so violently against the evils of the day?

What do the three vows taken by religious mean in the practical ordering of their lives?

Was St. Alphonsus Liguori an uncritical historical writer?

Can you name a few great men and women of history who belonged to large families?

It will add vitality and force to your conversation if you have answers for these questions, when, in the home or at the office or on the street, the topic turns toward things pertaining to religion.

Motion Picture Guide

THE PLEDGE: *I condemn indecent and immoral motion pictures, and those which glorify crime or criminals. I promise to do all that I can to strengthen public opinion and to unite with all who protest against them. I acknowledge my obligation to form a right conscience about pictures that are dangerous to my moral life. As a member of the Legion of Decency, I pledge myself to remain away from them. I promise, further, to stay away altogether from places of amusement which show them as a matter of policy.*

The following films have been rated as unobjectionable for all by the board of reviewers:

CLASS A—Section 1—Unobjectionable for General Patronage

Colorado	Reviewed This Week River's End	Wyoming
	<i>Previously Reviewed</i>	
Andy Hardy Meets Debutante Argentine Nights Arizona Frontier Billy the Kid Outlawed Blondie Has Servant Trouble. Carolina Moon Comin' Round the Mountain Crashing Thru Dancing on a Dime Danger Ahead Dr. Christian Meets the Women Dr. Kildare Goes Home Dreaming Out Loud Durango Kid, The Earl of Peddlestone Edison, the Man Fighting Mad Florian Fugitive from Justice Ghost Breakers Girl from Avenue A Golden Fleece	Gun Code Haunted Honeymoon I Married Adventure I'm Nobody's Sweetheart Now Knute Rockne—All American Ladies Must Live, The Law and Order Leather Pushers Marked Men Maryland Men Against the Sky Military Academy Murder on the Yukon Mystery Sea Raider New Moon Oklahoma Renegades One Man's Law One Million B. C. Orphans of the North Our Town Out West with the Peppers Pier 13	Queen of Destiny Ragtime Cowboy Joe Rainbow Over the Range Ramparts We Watch Ranger and the Lady, The Rangers of Fortune Rhythm on the River Ride, Tenderfoot, Ride Scatterbrain Sea Hawk Secret Seven, The Sky Bandits Stage to China Those Were the Days Three Faces West Three Men from Texas Tom Brown's School Days Tulsa Kid, The Wildcat Bus Young People, The You're Not So Tough Yukon Flight
	Golden Trail, The	Pop Always Pays

CLASS A—Section 2—Unobjectionable for Adults

No Time for Comedy	Reviewed This Week Pastor Hall	Who Is Guilty
	<i>Previously Reviewed</i>	
Black Diamonds Boom Town Captain Caution Charlie Chan at the Wax Museum Cross Country Cross Country Romance Doctor Takes a Wife Doomed to Die Flowing Gold Foreign Correspondent Gambling on the High Seas Girls of the Road	Gold Rush Maisie Great McGinty, The Hot Steel I Love You Again I Want a Divorce Lady in Question Lucky Partners Man I Married, The Millionaires in Prison Mortal Storm, The Mummy's Hand, The One Crowded Night Pride and Prejudice	Public Deb No. 1 Queen of the Mob Return of Frank James, The Safari Sing, Dance, Plenty Hot South of Ksaranga Sporting Blood Strangers on the Third Floor Susan and God Typhoon Villain Still Pursued Her, The We Who Are Young When the Daltons Rode